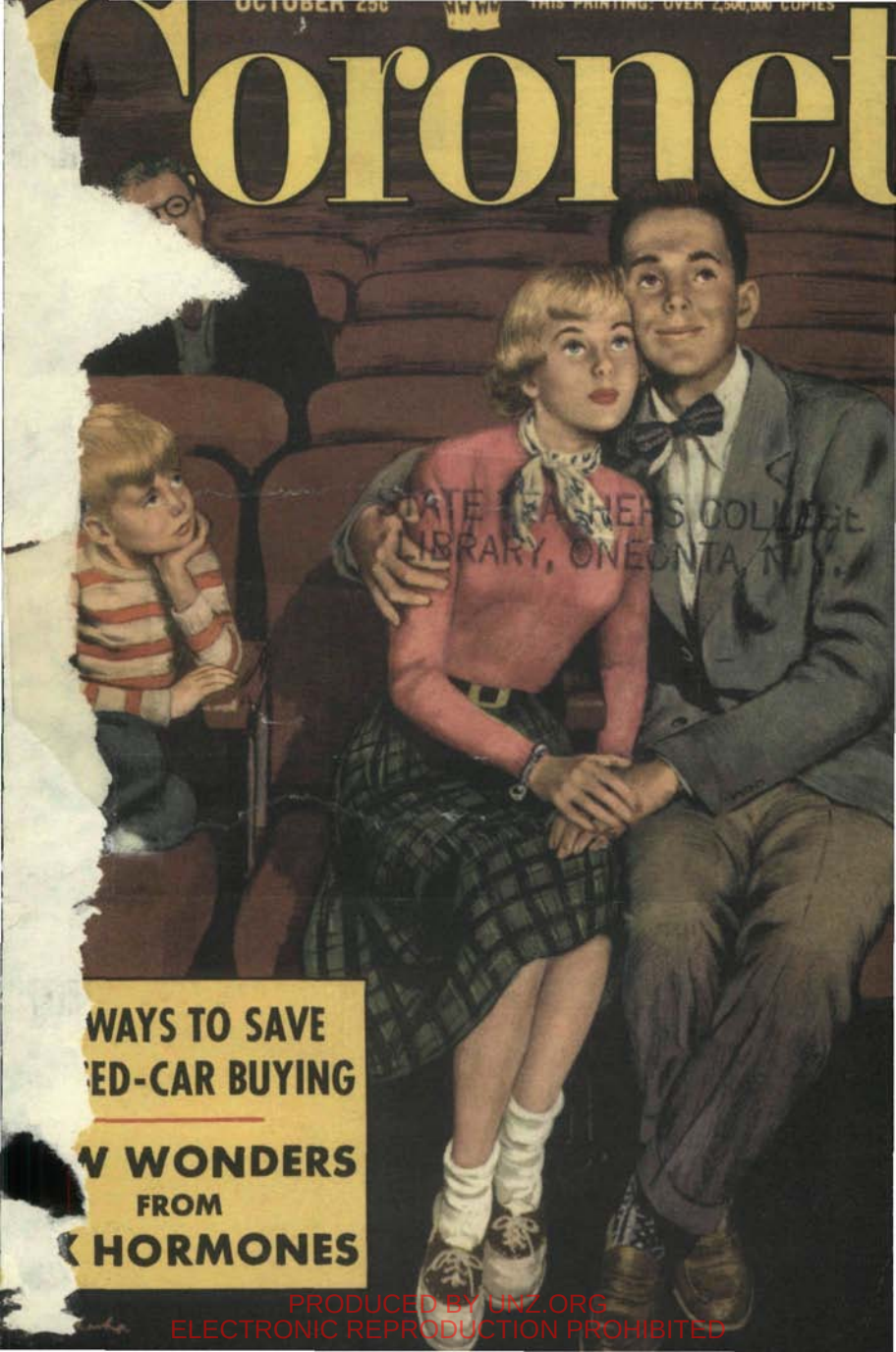

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Act now to discover the wonderful difference that owning the fascinating, easy to use World Book can make in your child's future.

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The answer is **Ipana!**

No doubt about it—a sparkling, attractive smile depends on a healthy mouth—and here's how cleaning teeth with Ipana helps keep your whole mouth healthy!

1. Teeth. To reduce tooth decay effectively, no other tooth paste—ammoniated or regular—has been proved better than Ipana.

2. Gums. Brush teeth from gum margins toward biting edges. Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to gum troubles.

3. Breath. Ipana sweetens breath instantly, makes mouth feel *good*. Get a tube of Ipana today.

For teeth that really Sparkle . . . the answer is **IPANA!**

For breath that's Sparkling clean . . . the answer is **IPANA!**

A Product of **Bristol-Myers**

For the **Smile** *of Beauty*

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Movie Magic . . . . . RAY PROHASKA

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Oldest Pilot

PILOT'S LICENSE No. 414 looks like thousands of others. It belongs to a Southern Californian who learned to fly in 1922 and has logged some 3,500 air hours since then. But No. 414 is one of the most distinguished licenses in the files of the Civil Aeronautics Administration: its owner, James W. Montee, was 60 years old on the day he first soloed and, still going strong at 89, he is America's oldest active pilot.

Long before the Wrights proved that man could fly, nine-year-old Jim Montee stood in a field and watched wild turkeys soar overhead. "Then and there I decided that I would fly, and people laughing couldn't change my mind."

It took a long time, but when Montee's eldest son, a World War I pilot, came home, Dad ditched his contracting business and took to the sky. Father and son started with an old Jenny biplane, cut the barley from a field near Santa Monica, and were soon flying goggle-eyed passengers up and down the Coast. In the pioneer age of the air, the Montees gained a full measure of fame with charter flights, aerial photography, mapping, and movie stunting.

Now, one of Dad Montee's favorite treats is to take his family up on his birthday. On one such recent flight, four generations of Montees went skipping through the clouds with Great-grandfather at the controls.

Whenever someone says that maybe he is too old to fly, Dad's answer, snappily spoken, is this: "I've flown everything from a Jenny to a DC-6, and I have yet to scratch the paint on a plane."

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TABLE RADIO
with Dial Beam Tuning

How good can a table radio be? When it's G-E, it can be *so* good that it outperforms consoles costing as much as $250! So powerful it gets hard-to-get stations clear and sharp. So sensitive you can tune in stations close together on the dial with hair-breadth accuracy. All this plus the famous G-E Dial Beam that spotlights each number as you dial for easy tuning, even in the dark. In Congo brown or alabaster ivory. Model 422, **$34.95***

** Price subject to change without notice, slightly higher West and South.*

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Coronet *Recommends . . .*

"SATURDAY'S HERO"

"THE HERO," an absorbing novel about an ordinary young man who happened to be an extraordinary football player, has been brought to the screen with tremendous visual force by Columbia Pictures. John Derek is the youngster thrust into a completely alien college background. Pressured on every side, he is physically broken before he learns the truth about a football system whose code of ethics has but one idea: fill the stadium.

"HERE COMES THE GROOM"

BRINGING TOGETHER three Academy Award winners—Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, and director Frank Capra—Paramount comes up with a sure-fire guarantee for general merriment. Bing is a young reporter, so wrapped up in helping war orphans that his long-suffering fiancée is on the verge of marrying another. Pulling out all the stops, Bing wins her back during a hilarious scene in which the bride gets the "right" groom.

"DAVID AND BATHSHEBA"

WITH ALL THE SPLENDOR and magnificence of Biblical Jerusalem, 20th Century-Fox has filmed the stirring love story of David, slayer of Goliath, and Bathsheba. With Gregory Peck as the troubled King of the Hebrews, Susan Hayward as the soldier's wife of whom he became enamored, and Raymond Massey as the prophet Nathan, this unforgettable Old Testament story becomes one of the great spectacles of the screen.

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And so it came to pass that David, the Lion of Judah, looked upon Bathsheba... *and for her, he broke God's own commandment!*

SOON
20th Century-Fox
brings you
DAVID AND BATHSHEBA
CAPTURED IN COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR
STARRING
GREGORY PECK · SUSAN HAYWARD
WITH
RAYMOND MASSEY · KIERON MOORE
and a cast of many thousands
PRODUCED BY
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
DIRECTED BY
HENRY KING

FREE! COLOR BROCHURE WHICH TELLS THE FASCINATING STORY BEHIND **DAVID AND BATHSHEBA!** WRITE TO 'DAVID AND BATHSHEBA', P.O. Box 292, DEPT. CO1, CHURCH STREET STATION, NEW YORK CITY

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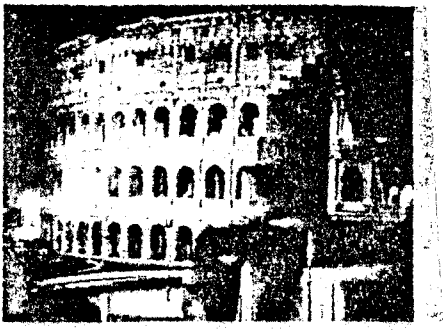
Going Away in October?

NEVER REALLY STILL, New York City is most alive in fall. Off Broadway, glittering lights herald a new theater season. "The Capital of the World" commemorates UN week. Madison Square Garden resounds to the "Yippee!" of rodeo, and footballs fly at the Polo Grounds. Uptown or downtown, there's a thrill-a-block in the fabled city.

IMMORTALIZED in song and story, the venerable Mississippi still echoes to the cry, "Steamboat 'round the bend!" Climb aboard a stern-wheeler and, as it chugs past the Hannibal of Mark Twain, see the haunts of Tom Sawyer come to life. Then, debark at St. Louis and dance in the fabulous parade of the Veiled Prophet: Mardi gras in Missouri.

OUT OF THE crystal blue of a Pacific sky rise the Islands of Hawaii. Once, they were the exotic and far-off retreat of the world's luminaries. Now, Aloha Week and its warm welcome for all symbolizes Hawaii's new nearness. Yet nothing is changed: clear beaches and eternal spring by day, the scent of orchids in a magic world by night.



A CRADLE of Western civilization, modern Rome reflects its 2,500 years of cultural achievement. Its opera is among the world's finest; gracious living is its keynote. And on every hand, from the gray ruins of the Colosseum to the sheltered splendor of the Vatican, are fascinating evidences of a rich chapter in the story of mankind.

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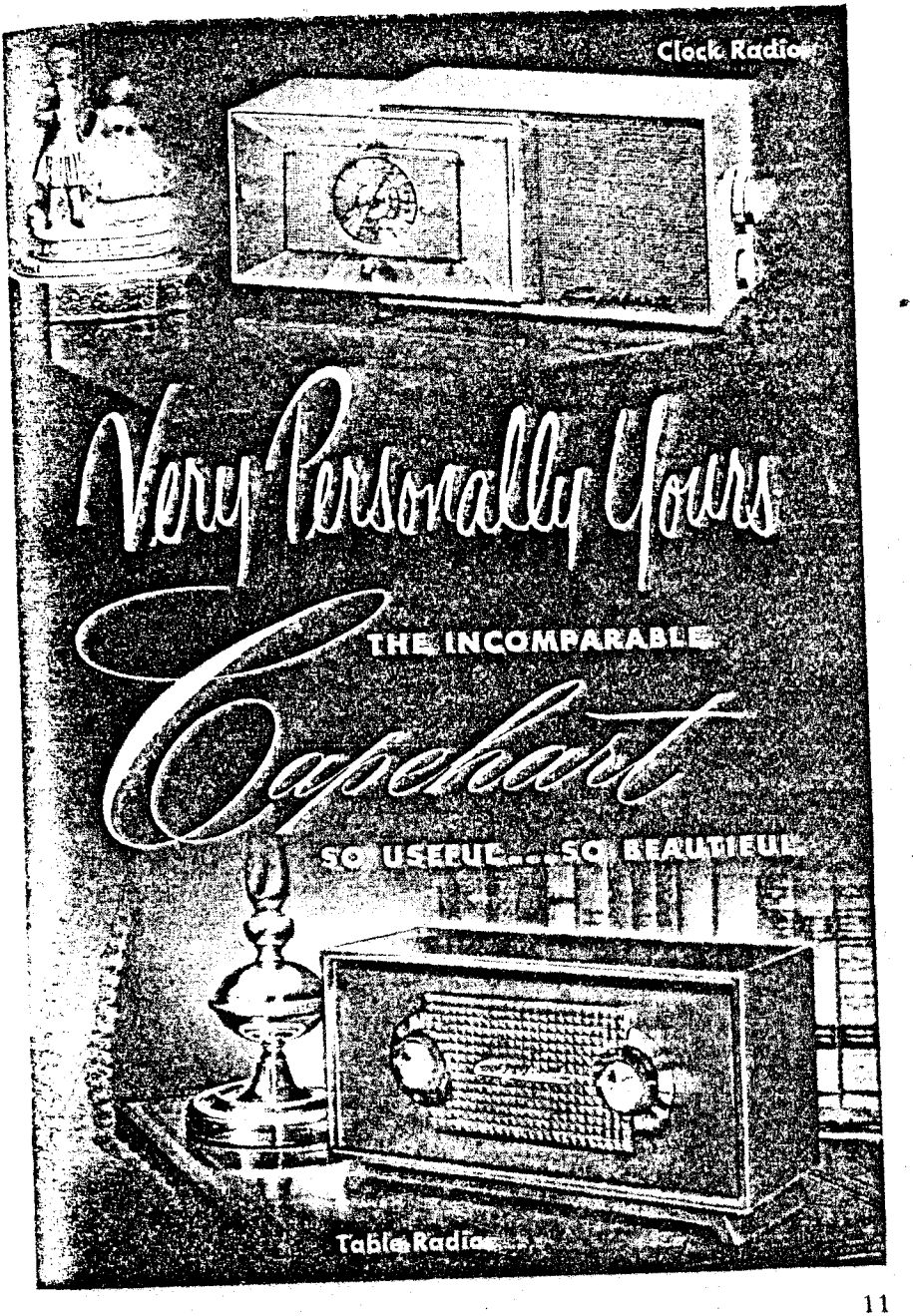

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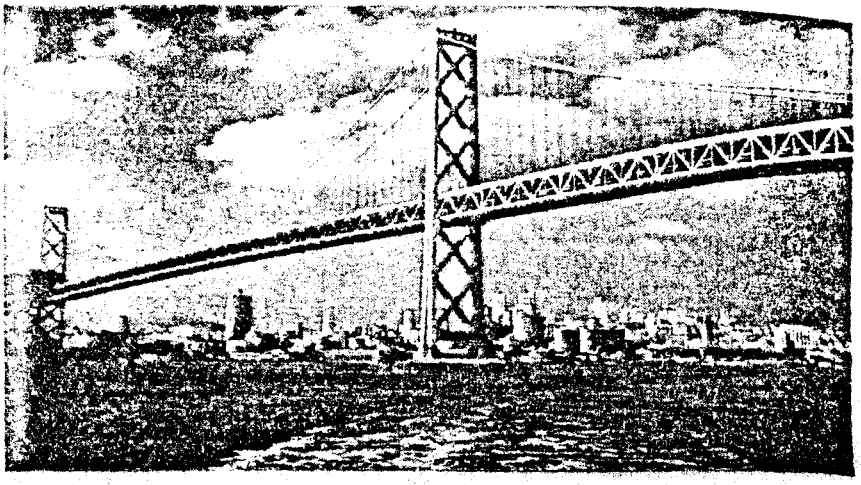

SAN FRANCISCO

by HERB CAEN

THERE ARE as many San Franciscos as there are viewpoints . . .

To some it is still the last of the storybook cities; others think of it as one of the world's wickedest; to still others it goes on being simply "the city where anything can happen."

San Francisco is the foghorns moaning at midnight somewhere in the Bay . . . the drab, narrow alleys of Chinatown . . . the cheap neon tawdriness of today's Barbary Coast . . .

Then, too, it is mansioned Nob Hill and the Top of the Mark . . . Post Street, where any day you will see the best-dressed, best-pressed, best-everything women in the country . . . the string quartet that plays gentle music every afternoon in the balcony of the St. Francis' lobby . . .

It is the heady scent of ripe tobacco that fills the air on Fremont near Market . . . the smoky smell of barbecued ribs that rises endlessly from the roofs of the Fillmore district, so heavy you can almost taste it . . . and the very real perfume that drifts into Fifth Street from the rows of wholesale flower merchants—a fine world of beauty and blossoms, just around the corner from the dismal decay of Skid Row . . .

It is the steamy crab-stands on famed Fisherman's Wharf, and Tarantino's Restaurant . . . owned by a couple of Irishmen named McAteer and Sweeney . . . and The New Italian Market on Grant . . . owned by seven Chinese . . .

San Francisco is the traffic madness at Powell and California—a nightmare of intersecting cables, passengers transferring from one car to another at full gallop across the street, red lights blinking on and off, gongs pounding, brakes squeaking . . .

It is a cable car that limps along the street, clanging a hollow reassurance that some outmoded institutions can continue to live long past their epoch . . .

This is San Francisco: 350 miles of trolley wires, 2,000 miles of telephone cables, 15,000 miles of neon tubing, 450,000 telephones, 800,000 people—and a million and one pieces in a puzzle called Baghdad by the Bay.

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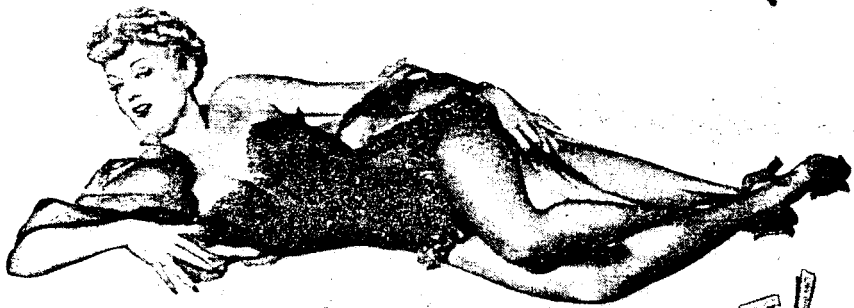
YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO

FARLEY GRANGER

ALL BECAUSE OF

SHELLEY WINTERS



IN BEHAVE YOURSELF!

A

JERRY WALD • NORMAN KRASNA

PRESENTATION

with WILLIAM DEMAREST • FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

MARGALO GILLMORE • LON CHANEY and "ARCHIE," The Dog

RKO RADIO

Written and Directed by GEORGE BECK

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WHAT IS NEW

For the Kitchen

A DOUBLE-PRONGED can opener punches two holes at once, eliminating squirting and difficult pouring.

KETCHUP-BOTTLE slapping ends with this miniature pump. Slight pressure on the head of the pump and as much ketchup as is needed lands on the plate.

FOR TOASTED SANDWICHES in a pop-up toaster, the metal holder is perfect. Put the sandwich in it, place in a preheated toaster, and wait till it pops.

KITCHEN SALT stays free-flowing with the help of a well-known moisture-absorbing unit, now available in a set which includes the traditional large, white glass shakers.

FASTEN THE perforated holder to the refrigerator ceiling, and the minerals in it absorb odors and cut humidity.

BAKING SEASON is back—and any oven chef will cheer the unique brush and cover. Softened shortening, placed in the cylinder, is propelled onto the brush by a twist of the cap. Then cake pans and cookie sheets can be greased without messy hands. With cover on, store brush and shortening in refrigerator.

SLING A TOWEL over the plastic hook which fastens to sink or stove with a suction cup, then whisk it off when needed. It keeps towels where you want them, when you want them, and a dish-towel at child height might tempt junior members of the family to help.

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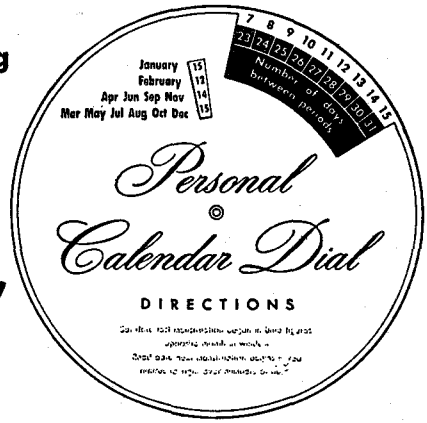
Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds

FREE TO TAMPON USERS!

Personal Calendar Dial

Ends embarrassing surprises!

A Turn of the Dial tells you **WHEN!**



Say good-bye to guesswork, uncertainty. A turn of this Personal Calendar Dial tells you exactly *when* to expect your monthly period! Three-inch dial fits any purse, is easy to use.

On calendar days, smart women wear Meds, the Modess tampon—swim, shower, dance with perfect safety, perfect poise. Meds protect you invisibly, comfortably — without pads, pins or bulk. Each Meds has its own improved individual applicator; each Meds is made of soft, absorbent surgical cotton.

For your free Personal Calendar Dial, write, or send coupon, with Meds box top today.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Not as Advertised Therein

Acceptable for advertising in The Journal of the American Medical Association.

Tested and Commended by Parents' Magazine

Miss Olive Crenning, Nursing Consultant
Personal Products Corp., Dept. CT-10
Milltown, New Jersey

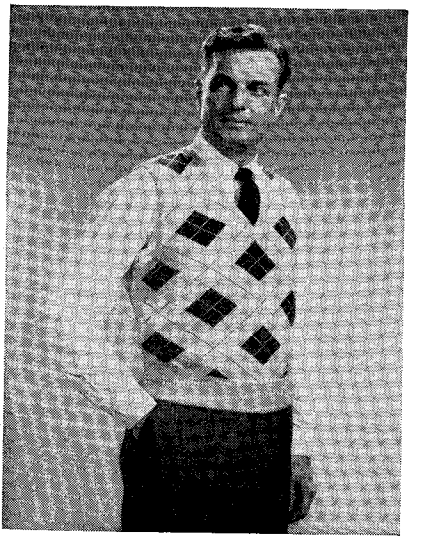
I enclose one Meds box top for my free Personal Calendar Dial.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀ Meds ❀



For warmth, Argyle-patterned cashmere.

Fasten kerchiefs with giant paper clips.

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

THIS SLEEVELESS slipover keeps autumn breezes from chilling the chest. With wool muffler, capeskin gloves, and bridle-bend belt, even winter holds no fears.

To complement a skirt, the smart woman wears casual scarves, a suede-lined ostrich bag, the mad-money belt, or this medallion-printed silk square.

Wool and leather for all-around wear.

Spice a suit with belt, bag, or scarf.

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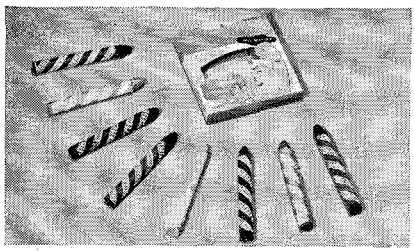
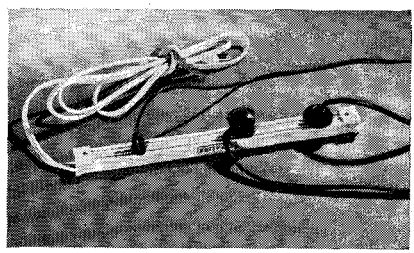
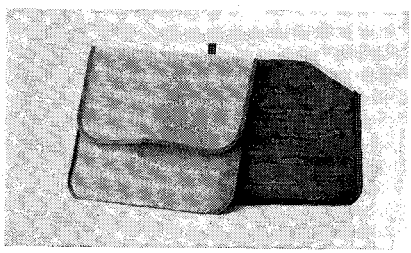
Coronet's Family Shopper



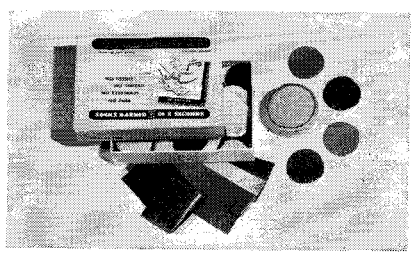
WASHABLE CRAYONS to please children and their mothers can be wiped off walls when young artists get out of hand. $1.00 for 4 packs. Celco Corp., 1631 Tenth St., Santa Monica 76, Cal.



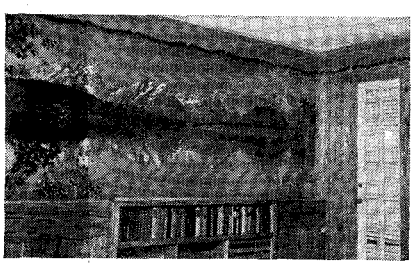
AS MANY AS eight electrical appliances can be connected to this rod and extension cord, which is plugged into an AC socket. "Tapaline." $2.25. Page & Biddle, 21 Station Rd., Haverford, Pa.



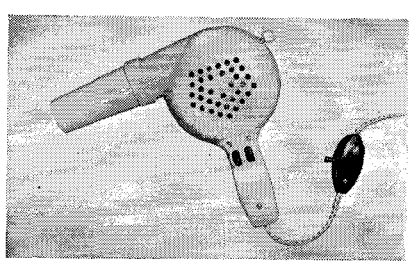
KEEP WARM traveling, at a ball game, or ice-skating with this portable heating pad. Two tablespoons of water added to its chemicals generate heat. $2.75*. Lewis & Conger, NYC 19.



DARN SOCKS or sweaters with an iron and this kit, including different sizes and colors of a specially treated knit fabric. Just press on. $1. Plasti-Stitch, 25 C Vanderbilt Ave., NYC 17.



ADD A "PICTURE WINDOW" to living room, den, or office with this photo mural. Easy to mount. 16″x20″, $2.25*; 30″x70″, $10.50*. RCS Studios, 123 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6.



THIS NEW 4-temperature dryer blows cool, warm, hot, or very hot air. Fine for home permanents and shampoos, it also dries nail polish, lingerie. "Ru Rita." $17.14, John Wanamaker, NYC 3.

Merchandise shown on this page may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Editorial prices (subject to change) are complete except those starred (*) which are shipped F.O.B.

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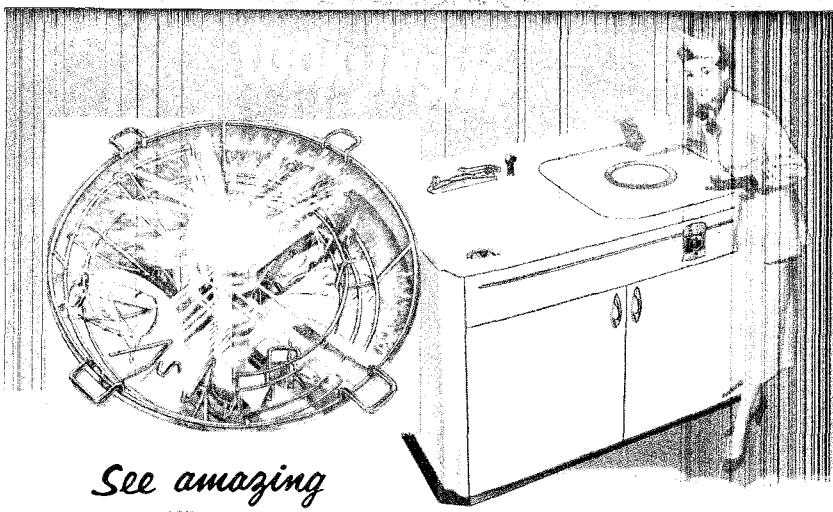

See amazing

JET-TOWER DISHWASHING

the Youngstown Kitchens *way!*

Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower Dishwashing makes all other methods old-fashioned! 58 swirling, booster-heated jets shear under dirt and film with vigorous, top-to-bottom action—automatically, in less than 10 minutes! Never equaled!

Look inside at this most economical, most sensible way to do dishes. Ask your Youngstown Kitchen dealer for a demonstration, soon—and end the nuisance of old-fashioned dishwashing! For full-color booklet of kitchen-planning and decoration ideas, send 10c cash to Dept. CR-1051.

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO
Youngstown Kitchens are sold throughout the World

Youngstown Kitchens

FIRST ANNIVERSARY SALE

$100.00 for your old sink
or
FREE Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer* with a purchase of a Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower Dishwasher

*Not installed and where use not contrary to current local ordinances or state laws.

To celebrate the first anniversary of revolutionary Jet-Tower Dishwashing, thousands of dealers are making the above offer until October 31, 1951.

Watch your local newspapers for the announcement of dealers making this offer.

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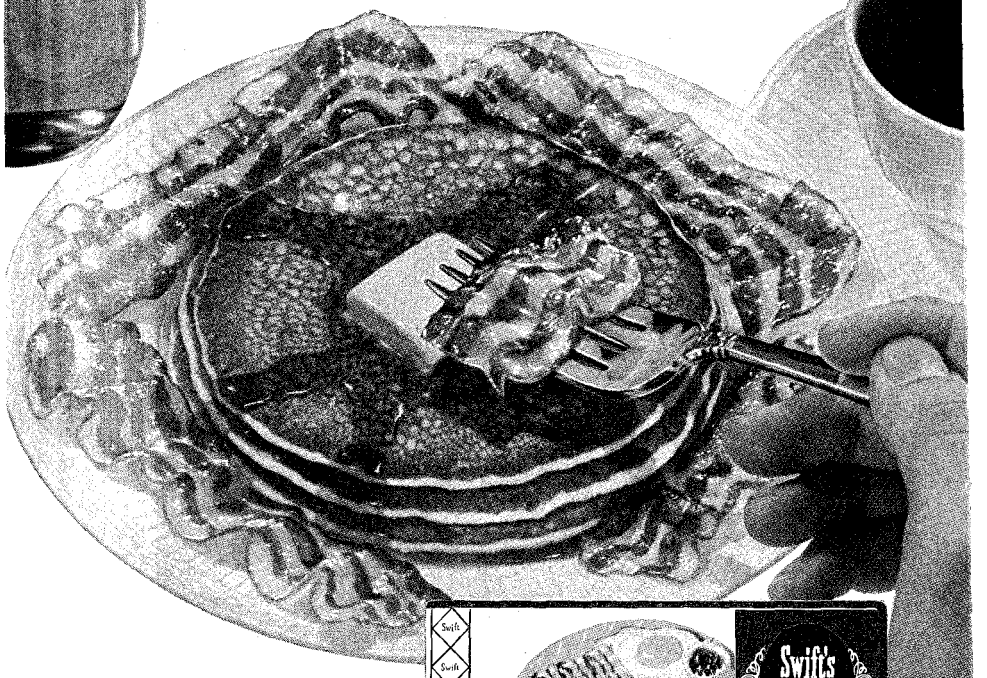
"M-m! Bacon with Pancakes, Syrup, Butter and Coffee!"

Excite 'em WITH A Real American Breakfast!



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Vol. 30, No. 6 Coronet October, 1951
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

Living Memorial to an American Boy

by RUTH CARSON

FROM MANY MILES around, people are flocking to Land's End crossroads in Newtown, Connecticut, drawn by word of what a mother is doing to make real the dream of a son. These people come to help, and they go away feeling the richer for that sharing.

It's a picture-book setting they find—a red, one-room country schoolhouse turned country store, and now dedicated to a special cause. It sits at the crossroads on a grassy triangle which is like a miniature village green. Back of the store is a spreading white farmhouse, with apple orchards rising on the hills behind.

In a dip of the hill back of the farm, under tall pines, nestles an old burying ground named Land's End. The farm is named Land's End, too, and so is the country store. It was more than a name that made them kin. It was a boy, Bobby Clark. Bobby died two years ago when he was 12, and he is buried under the pines at Land's End. But his eager young spirit lives on in the little building where he went to school.

Here his mother, Mrs. Robert Clark, runs the country store. All its proceeds go into a fund to carry on a work Bobby might have done himself—if he had lived.

Each morning Mrs. Clark hurries through her housework in the farmhouse, drives around on errands like picking up the homemade baking that is part of her stock, and opens shop by 11 o'clock. She greets most customers by name, for she knows the whole countryside—she

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grew up there. But strangers come to the crossroads, too.

They are struck first by the warm, dynamic character of this tall, dark-eyed woman; and then so moved by what they learn of Bobby and his family, and of the store's far-reaching purpose, that they go out to tell their friends.

The story began, happily enough, when Grace and Robert Clark came to Land's End farm years ago. The farmhouse was their wedding present. Dartmouth-trained Bob had tried city jobs. Now he had gone back to the family acres and a farmer's life. It suited his steady, dependable ways.

Their life was sociable and gay, for Grace had countless friends. Alec, now 18, was their first child. Even as a small boy, he had his own shy poise and understanding that were going to stand him in good stead. Because when happy-natured Bobby was born, he brought with him troubles that were bound to make him the center of attention.

Bobby was born with a bone defect in one leg. Operation followed operation, and his mother devoted herself to him wholeheartedly.

Bob and Alec felt the same way. None of them ever complained. They just worked hard and hopefully at this job.

Neighbors, moved to admiration, took special pleasure in doing things for Bobby, too, because he was a remarkable little boy. I know. I am one of the neighbors.

None of the attention, however, spoiled Bobby. He was a happy, outgoing youngster, as active as a leg in a cast allowed him to be. Graduated to crutches after each operation, he swung his way across the lawn to school, luckily so near at hand. On crutches, he played croquet and tossed a football with Alec. He was a Cub Scout, he collected stamps, he was proud of the autographs famous people sent him. And he had a social poise that an adult might envy.

MEDICINE WAS Bobby's special passion, because he intended to be a doctor—a bone doctor. So his firsthand experience as a patient was a source of interest to him, never a source of self-pity.

After the first operation, when it was evident that his leg would not heal by itself, a bone graft was decided upon. So his mother went to the hospital with him, and a long piece of bone from her leg was grafted onto his. This was quite a time, just before Christmas, with both of them in wheel chairs and then on crutches, and Bob, Sr., and Alec acting as nurses.

It was worth it, though, because now Bobby's leg was beginning to heal. Within a year, the doctor said, he would be walking on his own two legs. Provided, of course, no accident happened. Precautions were redoubled. But it is impossible to keep an active, healthy boy wrapped in cotton. Bobby did slip, and the leg was broken. Another operation was performed, but this time the bone didn't heal.

When the dreaded verdict came —that amputation was necessary— Grace was in despair. We went to console her.

But it was Bobby himself, after the first shock of the decision, who set the family pace. He began to think of the future, when he would be able to do everything other boys

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did. He was excited and happy. He had always wanted to square dance —his family promised him a square-dance party for his birthday.

The operation was in late October. By Christmas, Bobby had his new mechanical leg, a marvel of ball bearings and adjustments. He showed it proudly to everyone. It was hard and tiring, learning to use it, yet he wouldn't let up. There was big excitement when he first walked upstairs. A whole, happier world opened to him.

Bobby played golf, he was on his own at last. He danced every dance at his birthday party. He had a wonderful year.

The one-room school at his front door was closed when the addition to the consolidated school was finished. But it was easy enough now for Bobby to take the bus with other children. In a few years he would be going away to prep school likeAlec—he had just been accepted by Deerfield. Then would come medical school.

He talked a lot about medicine, especially about cancer research, because he had seen so many children in the hospital with cancer. He had his own feeling about a cure.

"I think," he would tell his mother, "some simple thing will be discovered. And I think it will be found soon—before I'm out of medical school, before I've had a chance to do anything about it."

Bobby was happy, he was all set. Now it was Grace about whom we wondered. Once Bobby was on his own, he wouldn't need her constant care. With Alec away at school, and Bob and Bobby quite capable of fending for themselves, her household could never keep her busy enough. She would have to find another job.

But now here was the schoolhouse, empty after a century of use. Grace thought she would like to turn it into an antique shop. The family liked the idea, and started negotiations to buy the schoolhouse.

IT WAS CHRISTMAS again, the best yet, with no hospital in the offing for the first time in years. The only hitch was, Bobby wasn't feeling well. He would have sudden headaches, and fits of nausea. Yet the doctor could find nothing wrong. "Maybe I have cancer," Bobby told his mother. She pooh-poohed the idea, but in her heart grew panicky . . .

It all happened very fast. On Friday, when we returned from the city, a neighbor called. Had we heard about Bobby? He was on the operating table. Brain tumor. The doctors didn't know yet whether it was malignant.

After the four-hour operation, another neighbor relayed the news to us. The tumor *had* been malignant. But Bobby was still alive.

Two hours later the phone rang again. Bobby was dead.

Stunned neighbors gathered at the Clarks' next morning; messages poured in. There were notes from Louis Carosella, who fixed Bobby's shoes; from Dirk Davenport, who had gone to kindergarten with him; from the headmaster of Deerfield. A nun who had been a fellow hospital patient wrote a wonderful letter. And money came in for the fund that was started immediately at Lenox Hill Hospital in New York, where Bobby died—the Bobby Clark Memorial Research Fund.

It did Grace good to talk about

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Bobby. Before his last operation, it was necessary to make exhausting tests. Ordinarily the doctors would be telling stories to distract the patient. But not this time. Bobby sat on the edge of the examining table, telling the stories himself.

When Bobby left for the hospital, he had joked, not realizing the seriousness of the trip. "This sure will make the *Bee*," he said. The Newtown *Bee* is the local paper. It did make the *Bee*, all right. The front-page editorial was about Bobby and his family.

". . . For a young boy, six years with an ailing leg in a plaster cast, to be followed by an amputation, is more than one's share of hardship. And yet, with rare courage, Bobby always kept a cheerful spirit. It was not a Pollyanna attitude, but a mature acceptance of hard facts, overshadowed by an absorbing interest in affairs and folks about him . . .

"We feel Bobby's father and mother should know, too, that there is also great respect for the fine exhibition of courageous living which they constantly and, we are sure, quite unconsciously, set before their son as a guide for him to follow. Bobby more than measured up to life as he found it. None can do more than that."

That was the way we all felt. That is why we were so worried now about Bobby's family. But we should have known better.

THREE MONTHS after Bobby's death, Grace opened her shop in the old schoolhouse. There is a new sign: Country Store. There is a new purpose: every cent of profit goes into Bobby's cancer fund, which is devoted to brain-tumor research.

The research is now under way. It is seeking, by an intricate new method, to make an early diagnosis of this most difficult to detect and most deadly of cancers. Bobby's own diagnosis came too late. But Grace Clark profoundly hopes that perhaps this very work will save other sons for other mothers.

We were glad when the shop opened, but we weren't prepared for the avalanche of feeling that was to sweep through the place, making it a constructive and emotional help to everyone who came into it.

Today, neighbors keep shop while Grace is out scouting for stock. Mary Hebbard, who lives just up the road, takes over a week end at a time so that Grace and Bob can visit Alec at school. Stock is a little of everything, from everywhere; most of it has a personal story.

The nucleus on opening day were the antiques, furs, and laces inherited from Grace's Aunt Sally. Then people came toting their family heirlooms as donations. Even comparative strangers, like dealers who put in antiques on consignment, frequently allow more than the usual percentage on sales.

Shop is closed Thursdays, to give Grace a chance to catch up at home. One Thursday, however, she opened it in a hurry when a commotion there brought her from the clothesline to investigate. A big bus was at the door, and people were swarming around. It was a club group on an outing, from a town 25 miles away. They had read about the shop in their local paper, and had come to see.

They bought apples and lollipops for their picnic, and presents to take home. Stray coins went slip-

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ping over the counter, just for the fund. One old lady, finding it not so easy to climb out of the bus, sent in her contribution—a package of doilies she had crocheted.

"People are really wonderful," Grace keeps repeating, her eyes misting as she tells about these almost-daily happenings.

Stock doesn't depend, of course, on contributions. And much of it works two ways in its benefits. It's the produce of local talents, from one woman's strawberries to another's handmade jewelry, all finding a ready market here. The home baking, whose fragrance draws customers like honey bees, is from the kitchen of a woman who is helping her children through college—and she even manages to contribute a percentage of her home sales to the fund. The wooden lamp on the counter is the handiwork of a crippled boy; several already have been sold, and customers are suggesting more things he could make, like birdhouses.

Here we swap outgrown ice skates, buy twine and cookies, sell hand-knit baby sweaters. Anything goes, so long as there is cash for Bobby's fund, which grows at the rate of about $300 a month. This way, after all, Bobby is making his contribution to medicine.

Each month as his mother mails a check to the hospital, she thinks, as Bobby did, that the key to the cure for cancer may be just within reach. And meantime the building of that fund is paying to her, and to all who take part, rich dividends of comfort and inspiration.

For its first Christmas, the shop was spotlighted at night and gaily decked. Very red it was against the white snow, with ropes of greens reaching to a star at the roof peak—the star for Bobby. Inside there was a Christmas tree with a present under it for every child in the neighborhood. And Grace was tearful yet radiant with more than the Christmas spirit.

Everyone coming in felt it again—that warm, rich feeling that had been drawing people from miles around, long before the Christmas season. It seemed that lessons were still being taught in the little schoolhouse—lessons learned from human suffering, lessons of courage and hope. And there were those who said that Grace was the source of this inspiration. But she disagreed.

"It's Bobby," she said. "He was a wonderful little boy."

Such Perfection!

KING PHILIP of ancient Macedon used to sponsor contests at his court for the famous artists of the time. One such contest was entered by two rival painters, Zeuxis and Parrhasius.

Zeuxis painted a dish of grapes so realistically that birds tried to eat them. The judges were enthusiastic, and Zeuxis, certain of the prize, turned to his rival and bid him draw back the velvet curtain which covered his painting. Parrhasius smiled. For the curtain, which Zeuxis took to be real, *was* the picture. —FRANCES RODMAN

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ARE YOU Positive OR Negative

by DOUGLAS LURTON

Many of life's rich rewards are within your reach, if you *ask* for what you want!

IS WHAT YOU WANT from life good for you? Is it just? Are you prepared for it? Then—ask for it!

Simple as it may seem, there is magic in this proposal. Many of the richest rewards of life, material as well as spiritual, are never acquired simply because they aren't asked for. Yet the positive attitude is a fundamental principle of life.

Babies know it. They get what they want by bellowing. The trouble is that, with the mounting years, skepticism and other elements of negativism are born in us because of occasional defeats and frustrations.

Oscar Odd McIntyre, the famous columnist, learned the value of asking for what he wanted early in his career. He had come to New York unknown, but destined for fame. His old father was proud of him and wrote him one day, assuming that his son knew the noted Irvin S. Cobb. Odd's father urged that he ask Cobb to stop in to see him if ever he were traveling in Missouri.

Odd didn't want to disappoint his father, but he had never met Cobb and didn't know anyone who could introduce them. Yet he did not want to tell his father he was unacquainted with the famous humorist. So he simply wrote a letter.

"Mr. Cobb," he wrote, "if Plattsburg, Missouri, is on your itinerary for your lecture tour, won't you make an old man very happy by being my father's guest while you are there?"

Cobb was touched by the plea. He shifted his plans so that he could stop in Plattsburg. He was the guest of the elder McIntyre and with a straight face told the old man stories of his life in New York with Odd and their friends.

The elder McIntyre was the envy of Plattsburg, and Odd had a fine build-up. The story doesn't end there, however. As an outgrowth of Odd's request, he later met Cobb and they became fast friends.

An impecunious young bookbinder named Michael Faraday once dreamed of becoming a scientist. He attended a series of lectures given by Sir Humphrey Davy, one of the country's most outstanding scientists. When the series was over, Faraday sent the notes he had taken to the great scientist and asked hopefully for suggestions that would aid him in his studies.

The simple request brought an invitation to an interview. The interview prompted Sir Humphrey to let Faraday work with him as an

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assistant, and within a few years the young man had won fame in the field of electricity. The world has long been indebted to Faraday for his direct asking for what he wanted.

LITTLE THINGS of life as well as careers are dependent on simple, direct requests. We fail to collect because we don't adopt the positive attitude, or are afraid of a little rebuff. The late Lester F. Miles, author and management consultant, related an amusing instance of dodging a direct request.

"About an hour after the train pulled out of Grand Central Station," said Miles, "I folded my newspaper and placed it on my lap. The man across the aisle glanced with obvious interest at the headlines. My first thought was to offer it to him, but I thought I'd play the game out and see if he would ask me for it. I looked at my watch and made a note of the time.

"For 30 minutes my companion stole glances at the paper. Several times he was about to lean across the aisle and say something, but apparently decided not to do it.

"Forty minutes after he had first looked at my paper, he spoke, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but are you reading that paper?'

"When a man will take 40 minutes to make up his mind to ask a simple question, you can readily understand why so many people fail to ask for the more important things which are essential to their happiness."

The same magic of the direct request has even been known to stop trains. F. W. Lovejoy, sales executive for Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, proved that. One night he had finished a business visit in Altoona, Pennsylvania, and had gone to the station to continue a trip to Chicago. Let him tell the story:

"Sadly the elderly station agent shook his head and said, 'You have just missed the 7 o'clock; the next train is at 2.'

"Flabbergasted I asked, 'Do you mean to say that in a city the size of Altoona, there are no trains from 7 P.M. until 2 A.M.?'

"The agent nodded. 'And the 2 o'clock train doesn't stop here. Don't know why. Just never has in all my 17 years.'

" 'Do you mean to say that in 17 years, you have never learned why there are so few trains or why the 2 o'clock doesn't stop?' I demanded.

"The agent just nodded.

"At this point I said, 'Come, I'm willing to gamble. You call and *see* if you can stop that train.'

"With some trepidation, he made a call to his superiors. In a flash he turned and said, 'I don't know how it's possible, but the 2 o'clock is going to stop.'

"Promptly at 2 A.M. I was on hand when the train screeched to a halt. When I started to get on, a conductor yelled, '*You* can't get on . . . we don't pick up passengers at Altoona!'

"Finally he agreed to accommodate me, after I had pointed out that I was not only the sole passenger waiting, but I happened to be the *only* reason the train had been ordered to stop.

"A few moments later we were rolling out of the yards. Suddenly the conductor turned to me and said, 'Do you know, in all my 27 years on this train, that is the only time it stopped in Altoona—and

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you are its first passenger . . . For your colossal nerve, I'm going to see that you have the best accommodations on this train!' "

Perhaps Mr. Lovejoy would not always be so successful having trains stopped, but one wonders how many negative-minded folk unnecessarily lost a night in Altoona because they didn't ask for what they wanted.

Those with the negative attitude, however, aren't always willing to apply the corrective measures. A year ago a clerk in my office asked me for a raise. She agreed that she was being paid as much as other clerks, but she wanted more money. I told her that if she would learn shorthand she could have a job as a stenographer at more pay, and selected a night course for her. But she decided she didn't want to do anything about *earning* more money. She just wanted it.

We have seen that it is possible to work magic by the positive attitude. So you have nothing to lose and a world to gain if you accept this method of approach:

Is it good? Are you ready for it? Then ask for it!

This program can change your own life from one of hesitation and doubt to a life of achievement and success—all with increased material rewards as an extra bonus.

"Will you tell the court what passed between you and your wife during the quarrel?" asked the judge. The defendant replied: "A flatiron, a rolling pin, six plates, and a teakettle." —*The Furrow*

An early Texas booster wrote to a friend back East extolling the manifold beauties and wonders of the region, and closing with the observation: "All Texas needs is more water and a little better class of people." To which the friend replied: "Why, man, that's all hell needs!"
—STANLEY WALKER (*Harper's Magazine*)

Asked if she had ever been X-rayed, a Manhattan lady told her doctor quite seriously: "No, but I've been ultraviolated." —JEROME SAXON

In a hurry to get to the station, the passenger asked the taxi driver if he couldn't go a little faster. "Sure I can," said the driver, "but I'm not allowed to leave the cab." —*Metropolitan Host*

Two gentlemen at a party were discussing a female acquaintance. "She's a nicely reared girl," said one. To which the other enthusiastically added: "And she's not bad in front either." —*Your Life*

They were quarreling. "Kindly return my lock of hair," she said angrily. To which the young man snapped: "All right. Do you want the dark lock, or the one you gave me when you were a blonde?" —*The Advocate*

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MIKE HESTER'S MIRACLE

by BEN NELSON

A disastrous fire in a St. Louis hotel spurred him to superhuman feats of heroism

THE SOUTHERN HOTEL fire in St. Louis was no ordinary disaster; nor—that early morning of April 11, 1877—was Michael Hester an ordinary fireman.

With the north end of the six-story structure an inferno and 12 people dead, the flames were rapidly engulfing the rest when a sudden moan went up from the watching crowd. A girl in a nightgown had appeared at a top-floor window, then two more. Others, ghastly in the lurid light, appeared at the adjoining window until 11 girls, hotel maids trapped in their sleep, were huddled about the two windows, gesturing pitifully for help.

The crowd had already seen, at another window out of reach of ladders, a man shoot his wife, then himself. And as they watched in horror, a frenzied girl climbed to the sill and plunged to the cobbles below. Two others followed.

Mike Hester, driver of Engine 10, saw it all and went on conscientiously rubbing down his team, for regulations forbade a driver to touch hose or ladder at a fire.

A mild man of 30, red-haired, slightly built—almost frail—Michael Hester was never able to explain, afterwards, just how it happened.

But somehow, before he knew it, Mike had the captain of his company by the arm and was pleading, "Those girls! None of our ladders'll reach more'n halfway. But if we lashed two together and tried from that roof—" he pointed to the one-story restaurant across an alley, almost directly under the windows—"I think with a scaling ladder I could get them. Let me try."

It was a poor hope. Nevertheless they spliced two of the longest ladders together, hoisted the makeshift to the roof, and arched it across the alley. The top rested against the wall 15 feet below and about three to the left of the window where the eight girls were now huddled.

Hester called for a coil of rope

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and a scaling-ladder—a 14-foot wooden shaft with a hooked beak at one end and crosspieces instead of rungs—and began the tricky climb. Though firemen steadied the ladder with long poles, it sagged dangerously with every succeeding step. Acrid smoke and burning embers swirled about Hester.

Finally Mike reached the top. Above and a little to the right, white faces peered at him over the window sill. Slowly, cautiously, Mike drew himself erect.

Balanced there precariously, Hester did a truly astounding thing. He raised the scaling-ladder in his right hand, lifted it at arm's length, and hooked the beak over the sill.

The ladder weighed 30 pounds. But to Mike—"that night my arm was a piece of steel!" Next day he couldn't raise the ladder one-handed off the ground!

Getting a good grip, Mike stepped clear and swung like a pendulum. When the sickening swing ceased, he went up hand over hand and climbed into the room.

The panic-stricken girls flung themselves upon him but he brushed them out of his way. Using the coil of rope, he lashed the scaling-ladder firmly. By now the crackle of flames in the hall was a roar.

"Now, one at a time, follow me," Mike said. "Hang on, don't be afraid—and we'll make it all right!"

He backed out the window and climbed down as far as he could go. Then he swung gently until he caught hold of the other ladder, fumbled out with his foot, and stepped across.

Below, a fireman was climbing to his aid. Above, a girl was already half out of the window. Crosspiece by crosspiece she let herself down.

Clinging with his left hand, Mike reached until he could touch her. Slowly he drew her toward him. His arm went round her waist. Then with a quick heave he lifted her across the gap and handed her to the waiting fireman.

One by one, six others followed, were swung across and handed to waiting firemen. Smoke was pouring from the window as he lifted the last across.

That last girl weighed 160 pounds, practically his own weight, but to Mike—"she seemed light as a feather."

He slung her over his shoulder and carried her down the ladder himself. A few minutes later, the entire wall behind him toppled inward with a sudden roar.

The St. Louis fire commissioners made Mike Hester an assistant chief of the department for those incredible moments of work. "Fearless, quick-thinking heroism," they called it. Mike only shook his head and said simply, "I must have had the prayers of a lot of people helping me that night."

Revised Formula for Success

You don't have to build a better mousetrap to get people to beat a path to your door; just put up a "No Trespassing" sign. —Richard Armour

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Check Your Word Power

by BERNARD GEIS

You can frequently make one word do the work of three or four —if you know the one word! Here is a test that will sharpen your verbal accuracy by requiring you to replace a general phrase with a single word. In each sentence, the entire italicized phrase can effectively be replaced by a single word —one of three choices listed. Your task, of course, is to choose *the* right word. (Answers on page 136.)

1. In these times we must rise above *blind and belligerent patriotism.*
   a. chauvinism; b. braggadocio; c. vainglory.
2. This case has not yet been *settled in court.*
   a. arbitrated; b. indicted; c. adjudicated.
3. Henry was *of two minds* about going through with the marriage.
   a. ambiguous; b. ambivalent; c. enigmatic.
4. That's not true—it's just a *false report and a hoax.*
   a. charlatan; b. canard; c. mirage.
5. The attorney *challenged as false* the testimony of the star witness.
   a. impugned; b. contravened; c. imputed.
6. The audience applauded loudly as he left the *speaker's platform.*
   a. rostrum; b. lectern; c. proscenium.
7. The archeologists pieced together the *fragments of earthenware.*
   a. snippets; b. pellets; c. shards.
8. The new government granted a *general pardon for past offenses.*
   a. absolution; b. reprieve; c. amnesty.
9. George was *deprived of all strength* by the harrowing experience.
   a. invalidated; b. enervated; c. superannuated.
10. It was reported that he died *without having made a will.*
    a. intestate; b. insolvent; c. impecunious.
11. Picasso's work has been branded as *understood by only a select few.*
    a. surreptitious; b. exoteric; c. esoteric.
12. He freely conceded his *doubt as to the existence of God.*
    a. atheism; b. iconoclasm; c. agnosticism.
13. He was accused of the crime of *inflicting a willful injury.*
    a. masochism; b. mayhem; c. sabotage.
14. That was certainly a *completely unjustified, unprovoked* insult.
    a. gratuitous; b. involuntary; c. impromptu.
15. The student's *coarse and offensive speech* brought his expulsion.
    a. roistering; b. gaucherie; c. ribaldry.

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YEARS AGO, when I was just starting out, I went to a small country church to preach. Only one farmer showed up. We sat there waiting in mutual embarrassment. Finally, I put it up to him:

"Tell me this, brother: if you took a load of hay down to the pasture for your cows, and only one cow came up—would you feed her?"

The farmer considered. "Yeah, preacher, I believe I would."

Then I got up, sang a few songs, passed the collection plate, preached for 40 minutes, pronounced the benediction, and walked out with the farmer. At the door we shook hands, and he said:

"You know, preacher, I been thinkin'. If I took that load o' hay down to the pasture and only one cow came up—yeah, I'd feed her all right, but darn if I'd give her the whole load!" —BILL ALEXANDER (*Quote*)

TO THE FRIENDS HOSTEL at Jordans, England, came very late one night a young couple, asking for accommodations. The caretaker first reproved them for disturbing the repose of her household. Then, remembering her responsibility for Quaker hospitality, she asked, "Are you Friends?" To which the young man replied reassuringly, "Oh no, we're married." —MRS. P. BERNARDO

"WHY DON'T YOU advertise?" asked the canvasser of a man who ran a small neighborhood store.

"Because I'm against advertising," the man answered.

"But why?"

"It don't leave a man no time," was the reply. "I advertised once last year and I was so busy I didn't have no time to go fishing the whole summer." —*Paris Pups*

DINING WITH her parents and Eleanor Roosevelt one night during World War II, WAAF Section Officer Sarah Churchill grinned when her famous father, with his love for drama, said, "I can now tell you that at this moment our troops are landing in North Africa."

He was sharply deflated when Sarah chipped in, "I know. I've been working on the beach maps for months."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Winston asked almost petulantly.

"We were sworn to secrecy," Sarah grinned. —*Maclean's Magazine*

A TALKATIVE BARBER had recommended several remedies to the man in the chair, but all in vain. The customer maintained that he didn't need massage, a manicure, or a shave—merely a haircut.

The barber, after a moment's silence, said, "Your hair's turning a bit gray, sir."

"I'm not surprised," retorted the customer. "Why don't you work a little faster?" —FRANCES RODMAN

THE POPULAR NINETEENTH-century operatic composer Rossini used to be annoyed by young

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would-be composers. On one occasion, an earnest youth cornered him at a party and implored him to listen to not one but two of his compositions.

Reluctantly Rossini accompanied him to another room and sat down while the young man, with great nervousness, played his lengthy *first* masterpiece on the piano.

When the youthful composer had finished, he waited expectantly for the master's verdict.

"I prefer the other one," said Rossini. —MEPTHA DENOORT

AFTER EATING a large steak, a man asked the restaurant manager, "Do you remember me?"

"No," replied the manager, "I don't believe I do."

"I was in here about a year ago, ate a big steak, and you had to throw me out because I didn't have any money."

"Oh, yes," the manager agreed, "I remember you now."

"Well, sir," said the diner rising, "I'm afraid I'm going to have to trouble you again." —W. E. JOHNSON

SIR ALEXANDER KORDA, en route over the Sahara in a Dutch air liner, found he'd been assigned to a lower berth.

"But I always prefer an upper," he complained to the steward.

"What difference can a few feet possibly make when you're three miles up, Sir Alexander?" the steward asked quietly.

MY 18-YEAR-OLD daughter asked me how she could get her boy friend to hurry up and pop the question. I thought a moment and then took her to the refrigerator. Opening it, I took out a jar of mayonnaise and showed her the warning on the cover. It read: "Keep Cool but Don't Freeze." —*Executive's Digest*

ONE OF THE BEST stories about Hadacol, the patent medicine about which legends have spread throughout the country, is of the salesman who reported to the owner of the company that Hadacol had had its first fatality.

"She was 92 years old, and had been taking Hadacol regularly for many years, but she just died," sighed the salesman.

The owner was shocked by this distressing news, and the salesman hastened to console him with: "But we saved the baby!" —LEONARD LYONS

THERE WAS a quiet dignity about Sir William Osler, the great physician, that held a certain type of familiarity in check. One day, as his class of medical students was leaving a hospital ward, following a visit there, a patient in a bed near the door called out: "Good morning, Doc."

Dr. Osler made no comment then, but when they were out of the man's hearing, he stopped, turned to the students, and said: "Beware of men who call you 'Doc.' They rarely pay their bills." —*Wall Street Journal*

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THE ANNULMENT EVIL: DIVORCE'S BACK DOOR

by ANDRÉ FONTAINE

Some of our tangled marriage laws are an open invitation to perjury and collusion

NOT LONG AGO in Glens Falls, New York, Supreme Court Justice Daniel F. Imrie denounced the state's tough divorce law with the remark: "The courts should not be called upon to police every matrimonial bedchamber."

At the same time, he focused a spotlight on a dark corner of American marriage law when he described the increasing annulment suits as "backdoor divorces," opening the way to perjury, fraud upon the courts, and "collusion of the rankest type."

In all the furor over the increasing number of divorces, very little has been said about marriage annulments—probably because most people know next to nothing about them. The usual impression is that a marriage may be annulled only when the couple is underage, or when the union has not been consummated.

But a study of the marital laws of the 48 states shows that they may allow ten or more different grounds for annulment; and New York, according to Joseph R. Clevenger, legal authority, has "more than 200 particular grounds . . . more than there are for marriage termination in all other states combined!"

It is true that the most prevalent ground is what the lawyers call nonage. However, many other situations may offer a legal basis for annulment—such as the case of the Connecticut boy and girl, both 19, who took a wild ride into New York with a group of friends. One of the girls dared a boy to marry her. He did, but apparently the ceremony brought them to their senses, because they went home without having consummated the marriage. Connecticut courts held that this was a mock marriage and granted an annulment.

Various other states also allow this type of annulment; most states will allow an annulment when one of the partners is a minor or insane; and three out of four states call incest—marriage to a close relative—sufficient grounds.

After these rather special terms, the various laws take unusual turns. Many list force or duress, which includes "shotgun" weddings. In Arkansas, a young woman gave birth to a child. Her father buckled on his six-shooter, summoned his son and brother, and drove to the working place of a local swain.

They picked up the youth at gun point, escorted him to the county clerk's office, and the couple was married. Later, the husband succeeded in having the ceremony annulled on the grounds that he had been forced into it.

Most Southern states (and some

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others) go even further than granting annulments when it comes to marriages between persons of different colors. They have statutes declaring such unions void—that is, invalid from the very beginning. Florida is one of three states which has no specific laws allowing annulments; the other two are Illinois and Rhode Island. However, this does not mean that there are no provisions or precedents in these states for obtaining an annulment.

All in all, the situation is so legally confused that it is almost impossible to make any general statement applying to the whole country. However, one fact is clear: annulment—in contrast to divorce—can be and frequently is based on a fraud that took place before the wedding. The idea is that your spouse deceived you about something which, had you known about it, would have caused you to abandon the wedding.

This makes an annulment very different from a divorce. When you get a divorce, the court is ruling, in effect, that you *were* legally married but now you are not. When you get an annulment, the court is ruling that you *were never validly married.* And since you were never validly married, you cannot be forced to pay alimony after the annulment has been granted.

AT LEAST HALF the states list "fraud" as grounds for annulment; others have different grounds which are essentially the same thing. Unchastity, for example. Courts of many states have held that if you can show that your wife was not a virgin when you married her, you can get your freedom; the assumption being that you expected her to be a virgin, and since she was not, she deceived you.

The same thing is true of impotence in a man, insanity in either partner, a criminal record, or what the law refers to as a "loathing, contagious disease."

The broad term "fraud" has been interpreted by courts to cover an almost limitless number of grounds. In New York State alone, says Clevenger, "it has afforded more than 150 particular grounds, such as refusal of love and loyalty, refusal of sexual intercourse, or for misrepresentation as to age, character, business, citizenship, health, drug addiction, physical incapacity, or refusal to bear a child."

About the only limitation is that the fraud must have been what the lawyers call "material to the marriage." That is, the deception must have concerned something that lies at the heart of marriage. Sex is basic enough to meet this requirement; in fact, it is so important that if one partner is incapable of the sex act and the condition is proven by medical testimony to be incurable, the law in some states holds that the court *must* grant an annulment.

In one case, the husband testified that his wife was unable to have normal marital relations because of an emotional block. Two doctors verified the fact, and both said that while there was no physical reason for her inability there was no foreseeable cure. The court granted the annulment.

Generally the courts hold that money—or lack of it—does not go to the heart of a marriage. If an eager youth boasts about his income, and after the ceremony proves to be earning only $25 a week, that

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is no valid ground for annulment.

Neither is love "material" to a marriage. Some years ago a schoolteacher met an attractive young man who had had to leave medical school for lack of funds. As they became better acquainted, it seemed a shame to her that mere money should stand in the way of his ambition—especially since she had several thousand dollars of her own.

He agreed with her proposed marriage—and asked for $3,000 to complete his education. After the honeymoon he left for London and studied there for several years.

When he returned, he refused to live with his wife. In granting her an annulment, Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr. of the New York Supreme Court wrote: "Law does not recognize the necessity for love in the marriage relationship, but it does presume that those entering upon the marriage contract will accord each to the other all rights and privileges incident upon that relationship."

In one case, a woman secured an annulment on the grounds that her husband had concealed an eye ailment which resulted in total blindness; in another, concealment of a serious heart condition was considered sufficient cause.

The requirement of concealment gives rise to another fact about annulments; you cannot get one if you have been married too long, unless you have a convincing reason for the delay—the courts assuming that, as a rule, you will discover a significant fraud within a few years.

However, courts have held that you are not expected to make a police-type investigation of your spouse's premarital claims or character. A woman in Rochester, New York, secured an annulment after nine years of marriage because she discovered her husband had been convicted of rape before they met.

UNQUESTIONABLY one of the least-known facts about annulment is the simplicity with which one may be obtained. "Unlike divorce," says Clevenger, "it is comparatively easy to prove any of the grounds, inasmuch as the husband or wife may supply his or her own testimony." In a divorce, supporting evidence is required.

In annulment cases, one need not build an elaborate structure of proof, complete with detectives, witnesses, and often photographs or affidavits. While this easier process makes annulment an ideal relief for a man or woman who has been trapped into a fraudulent marriage, it also opens wide the doors to collusion and perjury.

Lawyers, judges, and public officials who were interviewed in connection with this article estimated that between 80 and 95 per cent of all annulment cases in New York were based on perjured testimony—and admitted they were helpless to do anything about it.

A Supreme Court clerk pointed out that one of the grounds most frequently used was the charge that the husband, or wife, had promised to have children and, after the wedding, had refused. With weary cynicism, he added: "People don't talk about having children before they're married—or if they do, they don't do it in front of witnesses."

A recent case was typical of collusive annulments. A gay young woman took unto herself a third

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husband. After loving and cherishing each other for a whole month, they decided they were not fated for happiness. Probably neither of them had been inside a church for years. But the wife told the judge piously that soon after the wedding she discovered her husband did not believe in attending church. Of course she left him immediately. And she won her annulment.

While it is impossible to get complete figures on divorces and annulments for the country as a whole, since many states do not distinguish between them or do not report annulments, enough is known to make one general statement: a state which makes divorce extremely difficult invites the use of annulment as the back door to the legal termination of a marriage.

New York State has just about the strictest divorce law of all, allowing only one ground: adultery. Recent figures indicate that New York granted two annulments for every three divorces, while the ratio in other states was one to 50, one to 25, and at most one to seven.

Despite the abuses that annulment is heir to, it is sometimes the only way of handling certain intolerable situations. For example, a man named Warren met a girl and had a few dates with her, during which his chief aim was obviously dishonorable. When she refused to give in, he threatened to tell her father they had had sex relations, unless she married him.

The girl was terrified, but not for herself. Her father had strict ideas about morality—also a very bad heart. She was afraid that if Warren made good his threat, the shock would kill her father. So she agreed to a marriage ceremony.

Almost immediately afterward, she started an annulment suit in which the whole story came out. Warren contested the case and testified that he had been intimate with her many times. But her lawyer called a doctor who swore that the girl was still a virgin. As a result of his testimony, the court granted the annulment.

TV Wise

One small-fry TV watcher to another: "This William S. Hart—I predict he's really gonna go places."
—*Wall Street Journal*

Girls with hidden talent always seem to reveal it on TV.
—Earl Wilson (*Post Hall Syndicate*)

Some people will do anything to attract attention—like not getting a television set. —Franklin P. Jones

Television is here to stay—that is, of course, if you don't miss any of the monthly payments on your set. —Carey Williams

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Want a Trip Around the World?

by EDWARD N. MAYER, JR. (*President, James Gray, Inc.*)

Even if you never get to take it, just planning for it can change your perspective

I WAS ON THE PHONE, complaining bitterly about the state of the nation, controls, shortages, manpower, and at least a half dozen other things, when the youngster was ushered into my office.

He sat down, but I continued to rave . . . "That bunch down in Washington don't know what they are doing, where they are going—they don't seem to care what happens to business! Once you think you have them pegged, they turn around and throw a new regulation at you. I don't know what we'll be doing tomorrow, much less next year, next month, or next week!"

After a few more such remarks I hung up, turned to the youngster, and snapped: "What can I do for you, young fellow?"

"It's not what you can do for me, sir," he replied in his best sales manner. "It's what I can do for you that I'd like to discuss."

I gulped several times, gathered together whatever politeness I had left, and said, "What can you do for me that might be helpful?"

"Well," he said with a grin, "I'd like you to take a nice trip to London this year and spend a week at the International Advertising Convention. It won't cost too much, you'll be refreshed and rested, and you'll probably learn quite a few things in England that you can put to good use when you come back."

"You," I interrupted, "are nuts! Don't you know we're in the midst of at least a lukewarm war?"

"To tell you the truth," he said, "that's about all I've heard since I've been trying to sell trips to London—how unsettled things are, how rattled the authorities in Washington are, and how this country is just plain going to pieces.

"All I've met have been a bunch of guys with long faces who are rushing around in circles, mad at themselves and everybody else. I guess they're doing their jobs all right, but I wouldn't bet on it. Not once have I heard anything but griping and complaining. Not once have I heard any optimistic plans for the future.

"Look," the young man continued, "I'm probably too young to know any better, but why doesn't somebody do something about the situation? Why doesn't somebody start thinking ahead to the period that is bound to follow this present mess? And why don't you think of at least one thing you don't have to worry about—one thing that offers

From Printers' Ink

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pleasure and satisfaction and accomplishment?

"For instance, why don't you think about that trip to London? Oh, it doesn't have to be that—it could be something smaller or bigger, less tangible or more material, but it should be something that's really close to your own heart.

"My idea is simple," he went on. "I figure that if every man had some objective, some really important thing that he wanted to do, he'd have something to hang on to, these days when we're all on the verge of going slightly crazy.

"Now, whatever the thing was wouldn't make much difference except to the guy himself, but if he wrote it down, pasted it on his desk pad, and was forced to look at it several times a day, somehow he'd manage to figure ways of getting what he wanted.

"He wouldn't have to hurry to get it; the good would come by keeping it in front of him always. It would be one optimistic, forward-looking thought to start every day, no matter how black things look."

We chatted a little longer, and finally he went off to try and sell a trip to London to someone else. No, I didn't buy one. But there's a little note on my desk pad now. It's only one short paragraph: "Trip around the world with Helen. Soon!"

Funny thing—that paragraph has been on my desk for only five days; but I feel better, I sleep better, I even work better! And the people around me do, too!

What Is Nature?

NOWADAYS, it is curious that the more concerned men become with science, the less notice they pay to nature. We have got to the strange state where, in our preoccupation with electrons, we think that the heart of nature is to be perceived only through a laboratory lens.

We do not walk now in wooded places, and mark the look of birch thickets and listen to the calling of birds, and seek knowledge in that way. It seems not to occur to us that the intimations to be drawn from some new chemical formula are no nearer to the core of reality than those intimations which can come to a man when he lays his hand upon the rough bark of a pine, or squints up at the winter sky to see a solitary hawk hovering there, or listens at night to the cry of foxes in a quiet countryside.

There is an old saying about not being able to see the forest for the trees. Today, we can scarcely see nature for the science. True, nature is a matter of chemical fusings and mathematical formulas; but nature is also the singing of phoebes in country meadows in the spring, and the leap of catfish in rush-ringed ponds, and an exultation and a miracle.

And if we would not lose all poetry from our hearts and all intuitiveness from our minds, we would do well, I think, to remember these things.

—ALAN DEVOE

From *Phudd Hill*, by Alan Devoe, Published by Creative Age—Farrar, Straus and Young, Inc., 53 E. 34th St., New York 16, N. Y.

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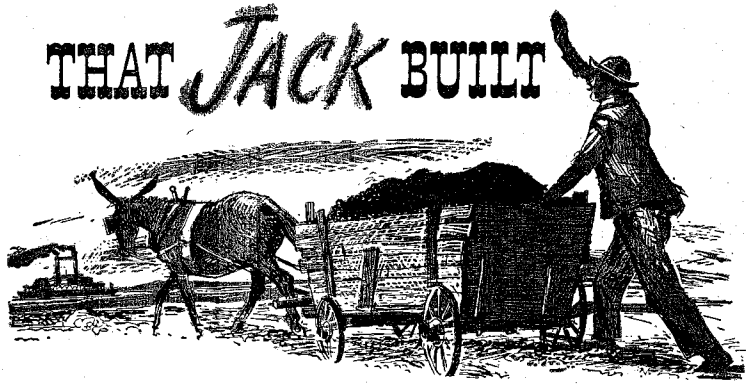
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT



by FRANK SIEDEL

The quaint story of Jake Heatherington's faithful mule is an Ohio River legend

JAKE HEATHERINGTON dropped the handles of his wheelbarrow and shaded his eyes against the sun to watch the passing steamboat. It was Captain Eakin's *Ohio Belle*. Usually Eakin stopped for a couple of bushels of Jake's coal, but not today.

Jake waved a rough hand and resumed his barrowing, plodding slowly back the familiar path he had worn between his Ohio coal bank and the river.

Jake always referred to the coal bank as his "diggins." He had rented eight acres. He worked it with pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow, pushing the coal to the river where passing steamboats would sometimes stop for a bushel or two.

As the steamboat disappeared around the bend, Jake got to thinking again about his great ambition —to own a mule that could help him and keep him company on the endless rounds between the coal bank and the Ohio River.

That night, in his shanty, he counted his money. There wasn't much, but maybe the man in Bellaire had a mule that wasn't so valuable. So next day Jake stood leaning against the fence, looking over the muleman's stock.

Suddenly the smallest mule Jake had ever seen trotted to the fence. He shoved his little nose into Jake's hand and then just stood there, looking at him.

Jake turned to the muleman. "I'll take that little fella," he said.

"Jack?" the muleman asked. "Why, he ain't big enough to do you any good. He's just a pet."

"I'll take him," said Jake. "It's my money."

Soon, steamboat captains were calling attention of their passengers to the man and the mule working the coal bank at Bellaire. They would explain how the man would answer the steamboat's whistle with a wave of his hand, and the mule

From *The Ohio Story* by Frank Siedel. Copyright, 1950, by The World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York.

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with a wave of his ears. Inevitably the passengers would want a closer look and the captains would take on a few bushels of coal.

"It's you who done it, Jack," said Jake. "Them fancy ladies, they want to get a good look at you, so the captains bring 'em in. I'm just addin' a couple extra bushels on your cart—got to make the pile grow bigger. No use complainin' now—look at what I'm pushin' out—it's a bigger load than yours. Come now—"

As Jack the mule and Jake the man worked the years away, their simple affection for each other became a noble, monumental thing. And, with the years more and more steamboats appeared on the river.

IRON CAME TO the Ohio valley, and the demand for the products of Heatherington's diggings grew and grew. Jake's eight acres became 800. The path to the river widened to a roadway, lined with many men and many mules. The pile of coal on the river bank became too great a burden for the passenger boats, so Heatherington steamers began pulling Heatherington barges up to Pittsburgh and down to the Gulf.

And what of Jake and Jack? They were still working together, and steamboat captains no longer had to point them out, for Jake and Jack were legends of the river.

In the early years of their success, Jake had built a couple of additions to his shack, mostly for Jack. Now he wanted to build a house for him, down by the river. He'd live there, too, but it was really to be Jack's house—a great three-story house with windows to the floor so Jack could see out.

There would be stairways, but rising at an angle that would be easy for Jack. Everything would be carpeted so the little hoofs wouldn't slip. The furniture would be oversized—big enough for Jack to take a nap in any chair.

It was to be a surprise—the only secret he had ever kept from Jack. But the architect fellow almost gave the whole thing away.

On the roadway between the mine and the river, John Hollis inquired for Jake Heatherington. The foreman looked around. "That's him coming down the road—the old man with the little mule."

"No," Hollis said, "I mean Jake Heatherington, the president."

"No president around here," the foreman said, "but if you want Jake, that's him."

John Hollis was puzzled, but then, this whole assignment had puzzled him. All he wanted was quick approval of the plans he had drawn—and his money.

"Mr. Heatherington," he said, "I have the plans for your hou—"

"Shhh—come here," Jake interrupted. "Jack there don't know anythin' about the house. It's to be a surprise."

Hollis nodded as though he understood perfectly. He unrolled his plans and held up the front elevation for Jake's inspection.

"Where's Jack's head?" Jake demanded.

"Jack's—head?"

"It was to be right here over the doorway. A statue fella is makin' Jack's head in bronze."

"I'll put it in," said Hollis.

"Do it now," Jake ordered. "That part's got to be right."

Quickly the architect began

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sketching Jack's head over the doorway. "Make 'im smile, now," Jake Heatherington said softly. "Jack's always smilin'."

It was a wonderful house when they were through. It had 16 rooms, hardwood floors, mahogany woodwork, and doors wide enough for Jack to go through. And when everything was ready, Jake invited his employees and everybody in Bellaire to come over and share in Jack's surprise.

All through the afternoon of the great day, Jake worked on Jack's coat, washing, combing, brushing, and talking.

"Doggone it, Jack, your hair's got as white as mine. Now 'ow could that happen when we ain't had nothin' but coal dust inside and out of us all these years?

" 'Member I allus used to tell yuh we were gonna have it easy some day? Well, that day's 'ere, Jack. We've earned a rest, you and me. Now I'm gonna tie this rag around your eyes fer I don't want yuh to see the surprise 'til we git there. Hold still, blast yuh!"

Everybody Jake had invited was there, and everybody had a kind word as Jake led Jack through the crowd to the front steps. There Jake stopped. He studied the bronze likeness of Jack over the doorway, and tears came to his eyes.

"Before I show Jack the place," he told the silent crowd, "I want you all to know somethin'. The word's got around that I'm buildin' this 'ere house for Jack. But that ain't the way of it. Jack built this house fer me! Jack built your houses, too. He put clothes on your kids and grub on your table, 'e did.

"If anythin' good's come outa the mine, them that has reaped the benefits owes a lot tuh Jack. Without him I'd still be sellin' coal by the bushel down on the riverbank."

Jake paused to remove the blindfold from the mule's eyes.

"This house is built good and strong," he went on. "It'll be here long after Jack and me has quit diggin' in the earth. But long as it stands, maybe people who knew us will go by and say tuh each other, 'There—there it is. That's the house that Jack built!' "

It turned out as Jake said. The house still stands on the river bank at Bellaire, where Fourteenth runs into Belmont Street. And as he said, folks going by still say to each other: "There—there it is. That's the house that Jack built!"

Fitting

A CALIFORNIA manufacturer of sportswear sent a ladies' sweater to columnist Earl Wilson with the suggestion that he undertake to have it properly filled. A short time later the manfacturer received the following note from Rosemary Wilson, Earl's beautiful wife: "The lovely sweater arrived for National Sweater Week. In your letter to Earl you suggested that he take it out and get it filled. I hope you won't mind—he found the hills just as green at home as they are far away." —HOWARD G. MAYER

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The Greatest Machine

THE CHAIR car of the Washington-bound train was crowded. Most of the passengers were men, and, judging from their heavy brief cases, they were going to the capital on government business.

Snatches of conversation reached me; and suddenly I heard someone say, "Yes, I believe this is the most remarkable machine ever made."

I glanced across the aisle at the speaker, an elderly man. He held a chart, and pointed to it frequently as he spoke earnestly to his companion.

"This device regulates the action," he said, studying the chart, "while these initiate it."

Several passengers turned and looked at the man. Wasn't it foolish of him to discuss openly what might be an important new weapon? But the man talked on.

"This is the mainstay of the locomotive power . . . this is to keep the temperature steady . . . this is the valve that's so important to the automatic pumping . . ."

I tried not to listen; I didn't want to pry. Evidently the machine was an elaborate, brilliantly conceived apparatus. Perhaps the speaker himself was the inventor, and he was boasting carelessly—as other passengers listened. "This is what brings about the lubrication," he said. "And this is what co-ordinates the action."

The train arrived in Washington. I watched the man put the chart into the pocket of his topcoat. How easy it would be to steal it from him!

As the two men preceded me along the station platform, I stepped up to them.

"I couldn't help overhearing some of the things you were talking about on the train," I said. "It's probably none of my business, but I really don't think you should discuss any new machine or secret invention in public."

The older man was surprised. Then he grinned. "No secret," he said. "We were discussing this."

He handed me the chart. It was a sketch of the human body, designed by the Greatest Inventor of them all.

—HAROLD HELFER

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Picture Story

HIS FINEST HOURS

THE LIFE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL

Illustrated by FRANK BENSING

THE LIFE OF Winston Churchill blazes with color and contrast. Guiding the destiny of the British Empire in her most trying hours, he has gravitated toward the center of every storm. In a thousand passionate fights for his convictions, he has made enemies, but even they grant his formidable place in history. In one fabulous lifetime, he has known every height of human experience, and whatever the future holds for the Western World, his voice, rallying free men, will be heard for years to come.

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IT IS HARD to think of Churchill as a child. Three generations have known him as a dominant leader whose gusto belied his cherubic appearance, whose black cigar became a symbol of wartime defiance.

He was born more than three quarters of a century ago, when the widow Victoria still ruled from the seclusion of Windsor Castle, when Gladstone and Disraeli hurled their polished rhetoric across the benches of Parliament. His father was Randolph Churchill, firebrand of English politics; his mother was the startlingly beautiful American girl, Jennie Jerome. On November 30, 1874, young Randolph raised his glass to toast an heir: Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill.

Before he was six, the boy had lived in Ireland where his grandfather, the grizzled Duke of Marlborough, was Lord Lieutenant to the Crown. In Blenheim, the ancestral home, he played with a collection of 1,500 toy soldiers. Majestically he rode a big black mare through woodland paths. It was as though the ways of the boy foreshadowed the keen sense of the dramatic that was to mark the man.

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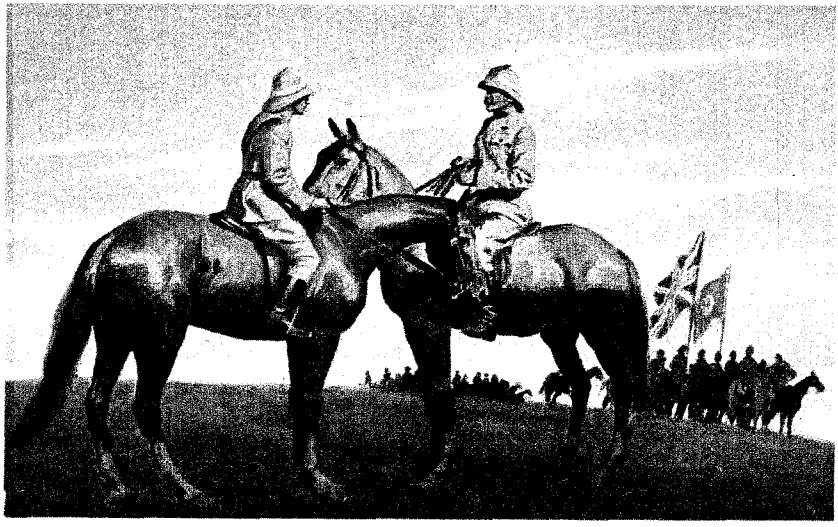
In 1897, fanatic tribesmen erupted across India's northwest frontier. Lured as always by adventure, Lieutenant Winston Churchill went north. Theoretically he was a war correspondent, but his valor —often in hand-to-hand combat— was noted in official dispatches.



The Lieutenant saluted Lord Kitchener. "Sir, the enemy are in sight." Then he rejoined the 21st Lancers. Next dawn, banners flying and hooves pounding, the Lancers swept the Dervishes from the Sudan. It was 1898; Churchill had ridden in history's last great cavalry charge.

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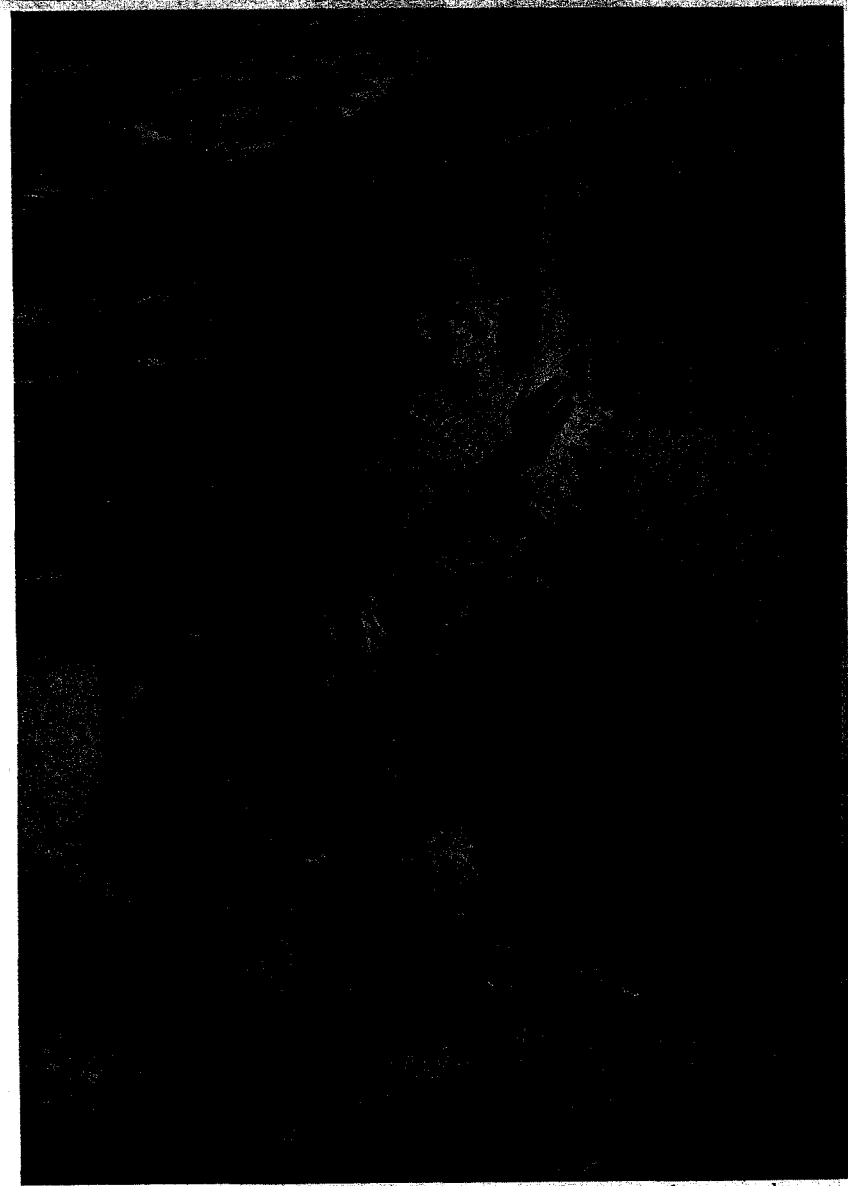

Next year, the Boer War flamed across the veld. Churchill, surrounded by the enemy, remembered Napoleon's edict: "When alone and unarmed, surrender may be pardoned." Weeks later, while Boer guards chatted in the twilight, he slipped over the wall and escaped.

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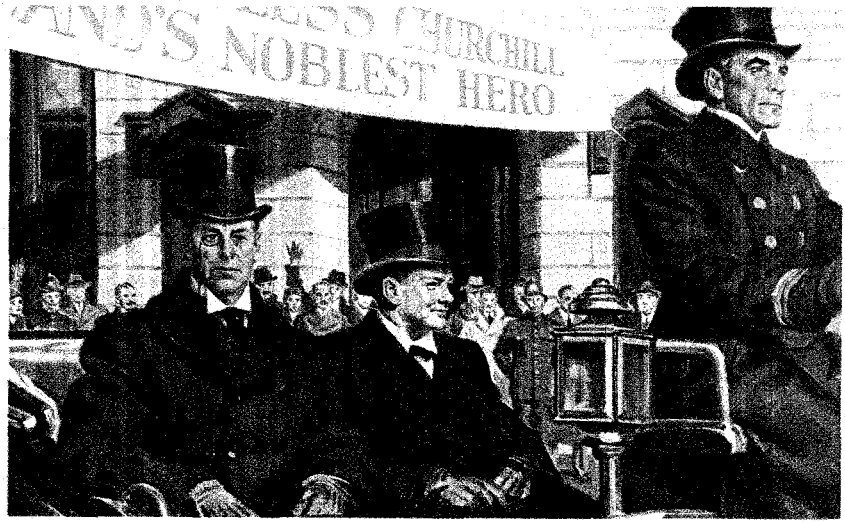
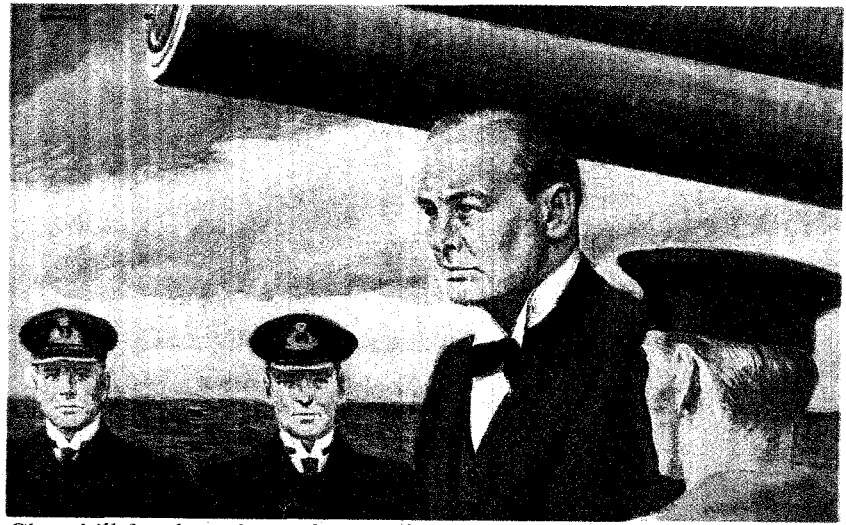


He returned to England a national hero. Eleven constituencies asked him to stand for Parliament. Churchill chose Oldham—where he had once been defeated—"to wipe out my black eye." At 26, he had been in three wars, written four books, and was a member of Parliament.



Churchill fought to keep abreast of history. He took over the Admiralty and, when war came in 1914, the fleet was ready. But the uncertain winds of politics cost the First Lord his Cabinet post. So Major Churchill promptly turned up on the Western Front as an officer of the line

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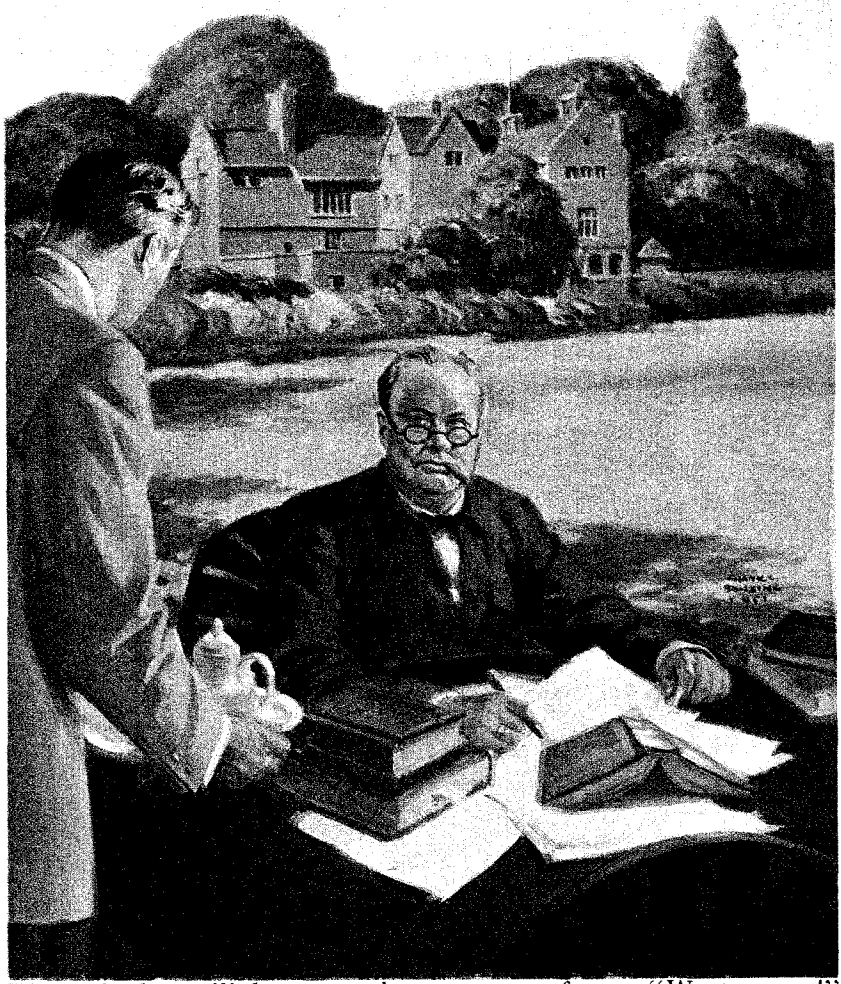

Through the twilight peace, he spent more time in the country; he wrote a history of World War I. But time and again he marked the menace of war. "Warmonger!" cried the opposition, but the man who had fought from trenches and ministries would not be stilled.

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ON A BALMY DAY in 1940, the worst fears of Winston Churchill became reality: German armor swept over Western Europe and, for one black month, the whole of civilization seemed about to fall before the Nazi avalanche. With immortal words, Churchill took over the reins of an irresolute government: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat." In bomb-shattered London, the battle for survival began. Month after month, fire rained from the sky, while invasion was the grim possibility of every hour. Britain stood alone. Day after day, Nazi planes roared over the cliffs of Dover, carrying their loads of death and destruction to Coventry, London, Liverpool.

"We will bring England to her knees!" Hitler boasted. But he had reckoned without the iron resolve of the English people, without the bulldog tenacity of the English leader. In the darkest hour of Britain's history, Churchill told his compatriots: "We shall fight on the beaches; we shall fight on the landing grounds; we shall fight in the fields and in the streets; we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender."

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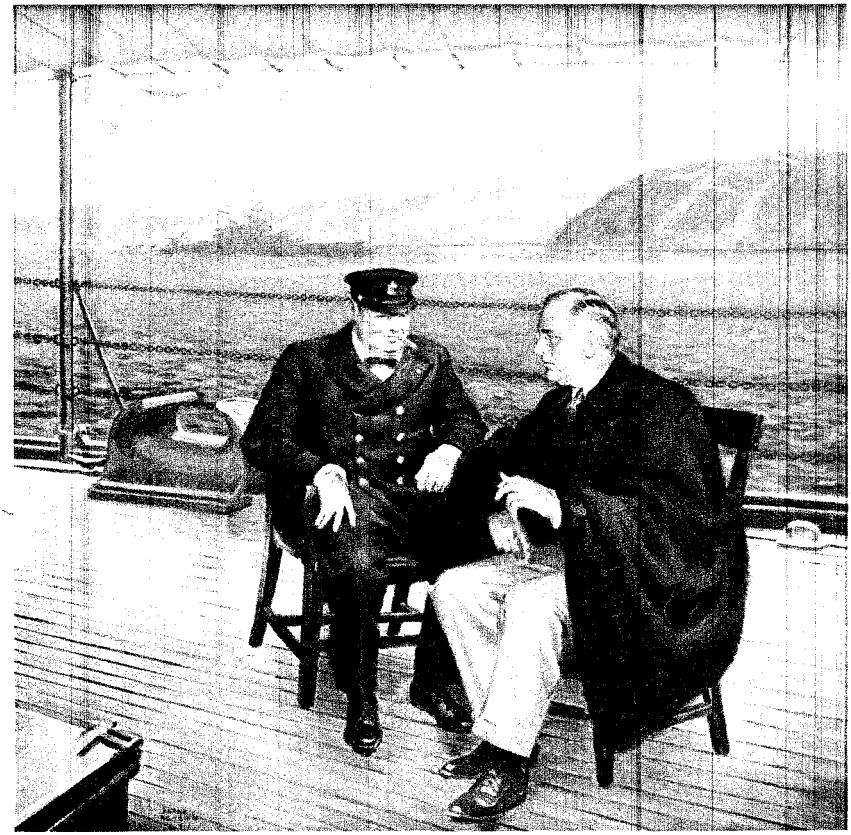

WEARING the Navy jacket that had become his battle dress, Churchill clambered aboard the *U.S.S. Augusta*. He had crossed the ocean to see the man who would become his partner in a fighting team without parallel in history. It was August, 1941. Technically, America was still at peace, and Churchill had but one request of the American President: "Give us the tools and we will finish the job." Months later, Pearl Harbor allied the two nations and their leaders.

In the four years that followed, Roosevelt and Churchill met 12 times. They were in almost constant communication by cable and transoceanic telephone. Together they guided the forces of freedom and made the war's historic decisions. And together they fashioned the final victory. But the kinship which Americans came to feel for Winston Churchill was plainest in the cheering endorsement of his statement to a joint session of the U. S. Congress: "I cannot help reflecting," he said, "that if my father had been American and my mother English, instead of the other way around, I might have got here on my own."

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FOR FIVE perilous war years, Churchill guided the destinies of the Empire. Then, in a single sentence, he summed up his postwar fate: "All our enemies having surrendered unconditionally or being about to do so, I was immediately dismissed by the British electorate from all further conduct of their affairs." He had been at the center of every storm. From Kitchener to Roosevelt, he had known the most powerful figures of the half-century. Now, it seemed, his public life was closing. He would spend his days painting on the Riviera; he would write his memoirs. But this alone was not enough for Churchill.

While Parliament stood and cheered, he stalked back to the benches, proud and defiant, to take his place as the new leader of His Majesty's Opposition. While many were still blind to the Red Menace, he came to Fulton, Missouri, and denounced Soviet aggression as a threat to peace. Yes, he would paint and write—but these were secondary pursuits. First and foremost, Winston Churchill would stand as the guardian of all we hold dear in Western civilization.

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FROM THE SIDELINES

WHEN THE University of North Carolina played Harvard in football several years ago, the chances of the Southern team's winning were not very bright. In desperation the coach of North Carolina pleaded with his players in the dressing room just before the game started.

"Boys," he said, "you've just got to get in there and fight for old North Carolina. And don't forget, every man on that Harvard team is a Republican!"

—*Christian Science Monitor*

GROUCHO MARX, questioning a young man contestant, asked: "What do you do for a living?"

"I go to college."

"You call that making a living? Or do you mean you're on the football team?"

—*You Bet Your Life* (NBC)

COACH STEVE OWEN, of the New York Giants, was attempting to pick the perfect composite football player—a passer like Baugh or Luckman, a runner like Grange or Cliff Battles, a kicker like Jim Thorpe or Ken Strong, a line crasher like Bronko Nagurski, a defensive man like Mel Hein—when someone interrupted to say that such a player would be no good at all.

"Why?" asked Owen.

"Because," was the acid reply, "a fellow like that would die of self-esteem."

—FRED RUSSELL, *Funny Things About Sports* (McQuiddy Press)

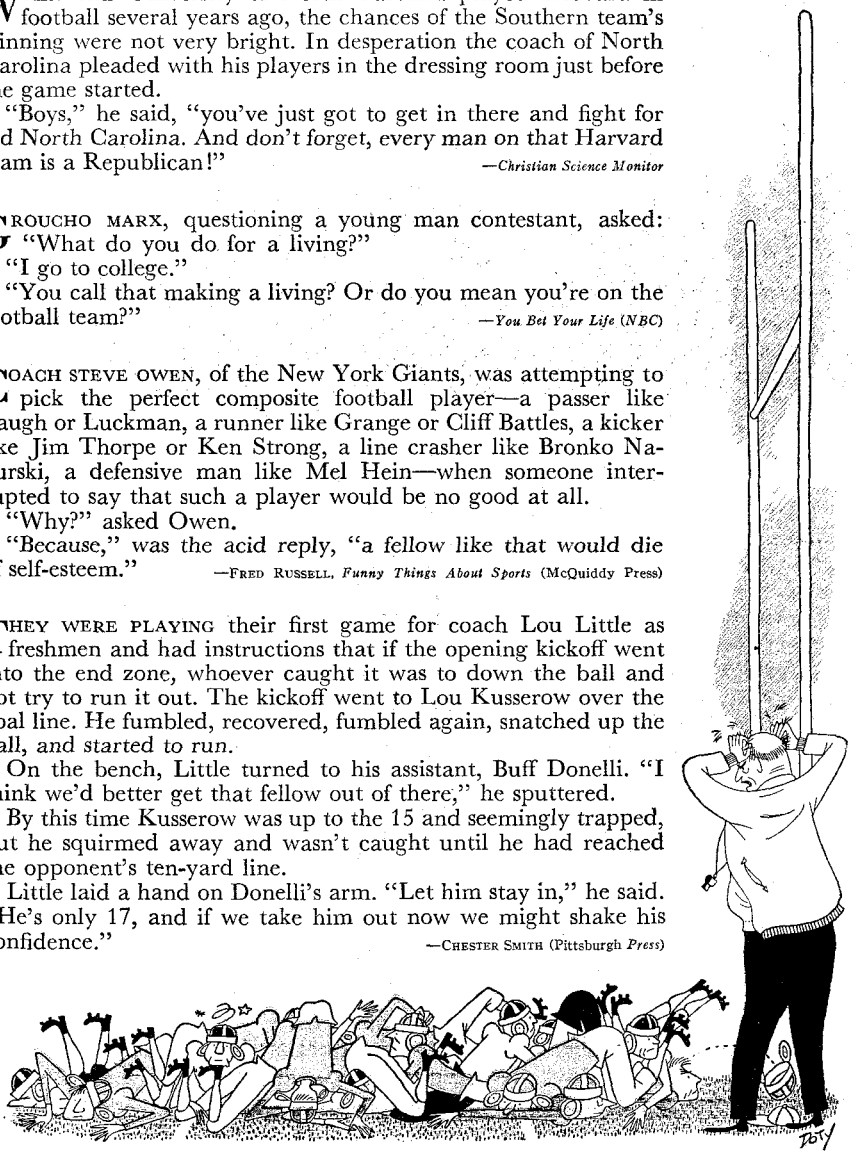
THEY WERE PLAYING their first game for coach Lou Little as freshmen and had instructions that if the opening kickoff went into the end zone, whoever caught it was to down the ball and not try to run it out. The kickoff went to Lou Kusserow over the goal line. He fumbled, recovered, fumbled again, snatched up the ball, and started to run.

On the bench, Little turned to his assistant, Buff Donelli. "I think we'd better get that fellow out of there," he sputtered.

By this time Kusserow was up to the 15 and seemingly trapped, but he squirmed away and wasn't caught until he had reached the opponent's ten-yard line.

Little laid a hand on Donelli's arm. "Let him stay in," he said. "He's only 17, and if we take him out now we might shake his confidence."

—CHESTER SMITH (Pittsburgh *Press*)



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NEW WONDERS FROM SEX HORMONES

by MADELYN WOOD

The magic chemicals, mass-produced, are being pressed into service on many fronts

TWENTY YEARS AGO, the whole world started talking about sex hormones. They were something wondrous and startling in the field of medicine, identified by their discoverers as the mysterious body chemicals that make women feminine and men masculine.

But when the public began to clamor for the benefits of these wonder-working substances, they met with a heartbreaking answer from doctors: sex hormones were too scarce and expensive to become a universal medicine.

Today, science has some startlingly good news about them. First, their importance, doctors report, doesn't stop with sex.

Amazingly enough, they have now emerged as healing substances with dazzling possibilities for fighting many human ills. Even more important, research and industry have combined to uncover new sources for sex hormones—sources so vast that, before long, there will likely be enough of the miracle compounds to take care of medical requirements throughout the world.

What are sex hormones, anyway? Not long ago, medicine could not have answered that question flatly. For centuries, doctors had wondered: what triggers the various developments in the sex life of the individual? Why does a boy's voice change at a certain age? Why do a girl's breasts develop?

Puzzled scientists, doing some good guesswork, concluded that the body must respond to chemical "messengers," or hormones, which are sent into the blood stream by various glands. The guesswork turned out to be right, for after years of failure scientists finally succeeded in isolating tiny quantities of a new chemical family.

As the researchers had suspected, there are several different chemicals responsible for bodily reactions related to sex. The phenomenon of menstruation, for instance, is due to a chemical called progesterone; other female activities are controlled by still different hormones called estrone, estradiol, and estriol. In the male, hair growth is controlled by testosterone, sperm production by pregnenolone.

To their surprise, scientists discovered that both male and female hormones are manufactured in the

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bodies of both sexes. If the body produces predominantly female hormones, you have a person whose secondary sex characteristics (the amount of body hair, the pitch of the voice, and so forth) are those of a female; reverse that and you have a person whose characteristics are male.

With this power to alter a person's appearance, outlook, and traits, medicine knew it had something marvelous on its hands. Doctors soon found that injections of female hormones could aid a woman through the trying menopause; could help prevent miscarriages in women who would otherwise have lost their babies. The weak, effeminate men became more masculine when given male hormones.

More remarkable still, as time went by medicine found that people given sex hormones for sexual problems frequently reported that other ills were cured. It was clear that these powerful chemicals had healing powers far beyond anything that anyone had expected.

This was a tremendous discovery, but how could medicine secure a plentiful supply of the magic substances? The problem seemed baffling. Science could make synthetic hormones from animal sources, but the process was slow and costly. And that might still be the case today but for an amazing scientific drama enacted in such varied places as a Mexican jungle, a chemical factory in Chicago, and a tomato patch in Maryland.

As a result, synthetic sex hormones are already at work helping undersized children to grow normally and old people to achieve new youthfulness. They are battling the pains of rheumatism, smoothing the wrinkles from aging skin, easing menstrual discomfort. They even show promise as a weapon against cancer in some organs!

LET US START the scientific drama in that Chicago factory where a man had an idea that wouldn't let him rest. The man was Percy Julian, a Negro scientist who is a living symbol of American opportunity. Born in Alabama of poor parents, he well remembered going off north to school, waved on by a grandfather who, as a slave, had learned to read in secret.

Slowly, Julian fought his way to the top in the chemical world, winning international recognition for such accomplishments as the synthesis of the drug physostigmine, used in combating eye diseases. One day the Glidden Company, maker of paints and chemicals, invited him to leave his academic job at De Pauw University and come to Chicago to direct the company's effort to extract chemicals from soybeans.

Julian took the job, and while he was making the soybean yield commercial riches, kept dreaming of his idea. Those humble beans contained appreciable quantities of what chemists call sterols, rings of molecules which, chemically, are very much like sex hormones. If he could extract those sterols from soybean oil on a commercial scale, Julian knew he could produce sex hormones in bulk. Then medicine could have these wonder workers in more abundant quantities at materially reduced prices. But there seemed no way to get them out without too great loss of valuable oil.

Then one day a lucky accident

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occurred. Julian happened to watch a friend mix a batch of plaster retarder. When quicklime was added, the stuff foamed up into a porous mass. Why couldn't he try the same stunt on the unyielding soybean oil concentrate? He could make a dry mass—easily percolated for extraction of the valuable sterols.

He rushed back to his laboratory, and soon the medical world heard a stunning announcement. Sex hormones in bulk from soybeans! The idea had worked. Now huge quantities of these vital chemicals are pouring from the gleaming retorts of Glidden's million-dollar Chicago laboratories.

While Julian was working miracles with soybeans, a sunburned American scientist was struggling through Mexican jungles on a strange quest. As a chemistry professor at Pennsylvania State College, Dr. Russell Marker had also become fascinated by those magic rings of molecules. Then he was hit by the same idea that had prodded Julian—sex hormones from plants.

A class of plants called the saponigens contained the versatile sterols, but where were the plants? Marker pored over books, talked to botanists. Some kinds of saponigens, they told him, grew in the southwest desert, others in the jungles of Mexico.

Using summer vacations, Marker turned explorer. One day, in Mexico, he watched natives toss an ugly tropical root into the river "to kill fish." The root, they said, was the *cabeza de negra*, which enabled them to catch fish easily.

Marker took some roots back to Pennsylvania, and when he broke them down chemically, he knew his search was ended. Here was the sterol-rich plant he wanted! Yet when he rushed to tell pharmaceutical companies of his discovery, he got a jolt. Sex hormones from that obscure plant? Ridiculous!

Marker was not stopped. Boldly he quit his job at Penn State and rented rooms in Mexico City, where he went to work to make the *cabeza de negra* yield its precious secret. He had only crude equipment and stubborn hope. Yet somehow from bales of the knobby jungle roots, he began to get chemicals that resembled the hormones made by the human body.

Finally he was ready. Wrapping two bottles in newspaper, he headed for the offices of a Mexican drug firm, *Laboratorios Hormona*. There he calmly set one jar on the desk of Dr. Federico Lehmann, the medical director.

"Here are 1,000 grams of progesterone," he said quietly.

Dr. Lehmann stared in amazement. All the drug companies in the world didn't make much more progesterone than that in a year. Before he could even express astonishment, Dr. Marker unwrapped the other jar and announced that it also contained 1,000 grams.

That was the start of Syntex, a company organized to apply Marker's chemical magic to the *cabeza de negra*. A fabulous enterprise, turning out huge quantities of progesterone, testosterone, and estrone, it quickly became one of the world's leading makers of hormones. Syntex scouts are now combing the jungles of Mexico, putting whole villages to work gathering the roots, which are needed by the ton.

Soybeans and jungle plants are

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not the only natural storehouses of hormones. Scientists at the Bureau of Agricultural and Industrial Chemistry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Beltsville, Maryland, had not thought of hormones when they set out to solve a curious plant mystery. Why did some tomato plants stay bright and green, while others were blighted by a murderous wilt? Some substance in the surviving plants must be making them tough—but what was it?

Month after month, Dr. Thomas D. Fontaine and associates worked with these plants, isolating chemicals that might account for wilt resistance. After three long years, they had a pinch of a strange new chemical which might be the answer. But then the jubilant scientists made a jolting discovery. The chemical had no effect on wilt. Further searching revealed that it is, in fact, found in *all* tomato plants.

Here was blank failure, yet Dr. Fontaine found himself fascinated by the structure of the chemical, which he had christened "tomatine." He took some to a fellow scientist, Dr. Erich Mosettig, at the National Institutes of Health of the U. S. Public Health Service, who gave it a startled look. Here was a chemical that looked amazingly like sex hormones!

Eagerly, Dr. Mosettig and his associates, Drs. Yoshio Sato and Alfred Katz, turned to research. And this year they came up with the news that they had found a way to turn tomatine into progesterone and testosterone.

Still dazzled by the sudden ability of drugmakers to turn out hormones by the ton, medicine is plunging into the exciting business of widening their use. Consider what happened in the office of Dr. Hans Lisser of San Francisco.

"Doctor, can't you do something for my boy?"

There was despair in the voice of the mother. To the doctor, the problem was an all-too-familiar one. An otherwise healthy boy just hadn't grown the way he should. Puny, inches shorter than companions of the same age, he was entering adolescence with a violent inferiority complex. Could Lisser help him?

"I'll try," he told the mother.

Lisser and his associate, Dr. Gilbert Gordan of the University of California, found a way to give that boy a break. Along with 55 others, he was given injections of testosterone. The results were astonishing. In a single year, some boys gained as much as 30 pounds, grew an average of 4½ inches!

At Bellevue Hospital in New York, Dr. William Filler used male hormones to help women who suffer with painful menstrual periods. To an experimental group of 22 such women, he administered small doses of testosterone three times a day for the six days before ovulation, about halfway between the menstrual periods. Three-fourths of the women reported complete relief from pain, and the other six reported partial relief. There were no dangerous side effects, and since three of the patients became pregnant soon after, there was evidently no ill effect on fertility.

A casual remark by the wife of an acute rheumatism patient set Dr. Timothy F. Brewer of St. Francis Hospital, Hartford, Connecticut, off on a line of research that gives hormones still another medi-

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cal task. "I used to have acute rheumatism, too, until I became pregnant," was the statement.

When Brewer stopped to think of it, he couldn't remember a single pregnant woman who had complained of painful joints. Nor could a number of obstetricians in many sections of the country.

Knowing that during pregnancy the placenta is known to produce extra hormones, Brewer wondered if they might not account for this immunity. Why not inject hormones to create the same condition? Trying it on 97 patients, he found that, in virtually all cases, pain and swelling disappeared.

Gerontologists continue to be excited by researches that indicate sex hormones are a key to youthfulness in the aging. Physicians like Dr. Harry Benjamin of New York report that sex hormones in the right combinations produce "better sense of well-being . . . more physical strength . . . better emotional balance . . . better sleep."

Can hormones stop cancer? At San Francisco Hospital, Dr. L. H. Garland and associates gave one type of hormone to patients with breast cancer which had spread to the body's bone structure. As many as 75 per cent were relieved of pain and, as he reported, "a few lives were significantly prolonged."

At Memorial Hospital in New York, Dr. George Escher gave hormones to victims of breast cancer so advanced that operation was not possible. Although a definite cure could not be claimed, the tumors decreased and the ulcers healed in a number of cases.

At the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, doctors found that injections of progesterone decreased the size of cervical tumors in some cases. They also found that injections stopped vaginal bleeding, previously an obstacle to surgery or radiation. These are only early hints, but they hold rich promise for the future.

The drug wizards who have tapped the plant world's riches aren't through yet. So far, they have been turning out hormones just like those nature makes, but now they have something brand-new—chemicals like sex hormones that nature never thought of.

What will these do for the human body? They have not been tried yet, but when they are, medicine may find itself in the midst of still another hormone revolution.

Job Intelligence

The hardest job in the world . . . finding one for one who doesn't want one.
—KENT RUTH

The only one I know with an easy job is the other fellow.
—ROBERT CUMMINGS

Doing nothing is the most tiresome job in the world because you can't stop and rest.
—*Viking Pumps*

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10 Ways to Save in Used-Car Buying

by HAYWOOD VINCENT

To get full value and avoid being gypped, follow these practical suggestions!

THE YOUNG COUPLE gazed longingly at the shiny automobile on the used-car lot. They were buying their first car. It was a big moment. Cautiously they asked the price.

"My friends," said the smiling dealer, "I want to compliment you on your taste. This cream puff is one of the cleanest cars I have ever seen. I know its history. Belonged to a schoolteacher who never took it out of the city limits, never pushed it over 40 miles an hour."

"What are you asking for it?"

The dealer grew serious. "Well," he began hesitantly, "I really hate to sell this car. My mother wants it. But we advertised it so we're ethically bound to sell it, if a buyer insists. You can drive it away for $1,095—and at that price you can sell it in three months for $200 profit, the way things are going in this business. Here, take the keys and drive it around the block."

The "cream puff" was a 1948 sedan in the low-priced field. The car looked good inside and out. But had the young man been a wiser buyer, he would have known that it looked *too good* and that somebody had done some doctoring.

But our young couple was thrilled. The price was $100 more than they had intended to pay, but the wife said she could economize here and there and they could make it. So they made the required down payment, and contracted to pay off the balance over 18 months.

Six weeks later—well beyond the dealer's 30-day guarantee—the car began to overheat badly. Examination revealed that a quick welding job on a cracked cylinder block had given way. The overheating continued, however, and further inspection revealed the radiator was leaking. At this point the worried owner took his prize to a mechanic for a thorough inspection. Here is the sad story:

Clutch worn away; battery cells weak; piston rings scored and "throwing oil"; faulty bearings on right front wheel; gear teeth worn; differential defective (the dealer had filled it with white lead to prevent detection in early driving).

And the repair costs:

New engine block	$225.00
New radiator	84.00
New clutch plate	41.00
New battery	19.00
New wheel bearings and kingpin	29.00

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Transmission overhaul....	62.00
Differential overhaul.....	100.00
New piston rings.....	65.00
Total	$625.00

The young couple had owned their car only two months, but their total investment was not $1,095 but $1,720. By going deeper into debt, they were able to keep their automobile, but they realized too late that they had been "taken."

This story is repeated in greater or lesser degree thousands of times every year. During the coming year, some 12 million Americans will buy used automobiles. Of these, only a handful know how to get their money's worth. A minority will get them from new-car dealers (franchised manufacturers' representatives) who also sell used cars. But the rest of the buyers—and they run into hundreds of thousands a year—will patronize used-car dealers who, unfortunately, include quite a collection of unprincipled sharpers.

WITH NEW CARS getting scarce, you are likely to be in the market for a used car in the near future. Here is the technique a professional buyer would employ in purchasing a used automobile. By following it carefully, you will save yourself money, effort, and trouble.

1. *Take Your Time.* The car you buy may have to last a long time. But there is no reason to believe there will be *no* automobiles available in the foreseeable future. Only by shopping carefully can you hope to make a sound purchase.

2. *Know What You Want.* Decide on a particular model and price that fit your needs. Then refuse to be dissuaded by sales talk.

3. *Be Suspicious.* There are many reputable people in the used-car business. But there are also plenty of rascals. If you do not *know* the reputation of a dealer, check with your Better Business Bureau. There are no "bargains" in used cars. The constantly fluctuating market makes it imperative that the used-car man be a sharp trader.

4. *Rule Out the Bad Cars.* There are four types of "dogs" that no wise buyer will touch: *former taxis*, *rebuilt wrecks*, *travelers* (cars used mostly on the road by salesmen), and *weasels* (cars with stained, scratched, and worn interiors).

Obviously you wouldn't want a former taxi at any price. When they are so worn that a cab company sells them, they're gone! Most cabs have a light on the top. Check for patching at that point. And look for indications that lettering has been painted out.

Any mechanic will tell you to avoid a *rebuilt wreck*, no matter how skilled the rebuilding job. Such cars are rarely "right" again. Reputable dealers will put the car on a lift so that you may inspect the frame or chassis. Search for broken spots, rusted areas, or, more particularly, structural members that have been welded recently. Pay special attention to doors and hinges. If the doors do not swing freely, beware! In like manner examine the hood and trunk lid. If you have any reason even to *think* the car might have been in a wreck, cross it off your list.

Travelers are seldom a sound buy, due to the service they have seen. Usually the dealer has to put new tires on such a vehicle. Compare the tires with the mileage shown and the car's age. It is true that

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generally you cannot believe any speedometer reading, since most used-car dealers turn the speedometers back. If you are considering a car two years old and the mileage is 18,000 but the car sports new tires, take care. The figures do not jibe.

Although you may be unfamiliar with the term *weasel*, you don't want a car that bears the name. If the former owner abused the upholstery, lost the cigarette lighter, or scratched the trim, he was not the type to care otherwise for the car. So don't buy a "weasel"—the risk is too great.

5. *Be Difficult*. Remember, the dealer is not doing a favor by taking your money. During World War II, dealers got the idea that by "letting you have a car" they were exhibiting charity. Get that notion out of your mind: they can't eat unless they sell automobiles.

Having eliminated the dogs, your next step is to inspect the engine. If it appears to be brand-new, go slowly. Any used motor should show a slight film of oil. If the dealer had to steam-clean the motor before offering the car for sale, beware.

Now start the motor and let it run a while. It should idle smoothly and without vibration. Accelerate the motor and listen for "misses" or backfires.

After the motor has been running a few minutes, check hose connections and cylinder-block openings for water or oil leakage. Now look at the exhaust. If the smoke has a blue cast (or darker), there is something wrong with the motor.

Next look at the battery. The cables should show no corrosion. Check the radiator for leakage or rust. Finally, take a firm grip on the tires and try to shake the wheels. If they wobble even slightly, you're in trouble.

6. *Become a Test Driver*. Drive the car for at least 30 minutes in traffic and on the highway. Hold the wheel loosely and apply the brakes firmly though not suddenly. If the car swerves, you have brake trouble.

Now check the gears, from first through third. Use each gear in varying speeds. The transmission should be smooth and quiet. If there is any grinding noise, you may be buying a rolling repair bill. Stop the car and put it in reverse. If your gears and transmission are good, you will have quick power with no clattering sound.

If you are dealing with an automatic transmission, the only *certain* means of checking is to take the car to an experienced mechanic. If you have any doubts, rule the car out.

Deliberately hit a few bumps and watch for reactions of the shock absorbers. They should cushion the descent smoothly and regain normal level quickly. And while taking the bumps, listen for noises of stress or strain in the body. Any unusual creaks or "grinds" indicate weakness in the chassis.

Now look at the instrument panel. The ammeter (sometimes marked "Battery") should show a very slight *plus* or *charge*. The oil pressure should be slightly below the one-quarter mark when the car is at low speed and should jump to about the one-half mark at once on quick acceleration. The temperature should be no higher than 185 in midsummer or lower than 160 in midwinter.

7. *Do It All Over Again*. This may annoy you (and drive the dealer

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into well-mannered frenzy), but it's your money. Back at the lot, give the whole car another inspection. Everything still O.K.? Fine . . . But you're still not ready to buy.

8. *Get Cagey.* Part of buying a used car is the battle of wits between buyer and seller. Unfortunately, you're playing a game at which you have had little or no practice with a man who plays the game day and night. Even so, you might win.

After completing your inspections, ask the dealer if your mechanic friend can check the car. If the dealer agrees (about one in three will), you probably need not pursue the matter. But if he hedges, there's something wrong.

9. *Check the Family Background.* Ask for the name of the previous owner (the dealer will have it on the title) and get in touch with him. Ask about the service he got from the car and to what use he put it.

Generally speaking, avoid "out-of-town" cars. These are frequently bought at auction from insurance companies or finance companies, and then conveyed to a higher-priced market area.

10. *Become a Haggler.* There is no excuse for paying a used-car dealer's asking price, unless it is a fixed price. However, most dealers operate on a minimum profit of 24 per cent per unit. Thus they leave a margin for trade-in allowances and plain old-fashioned haggling.

Sometimes if the car is an exceptional value the dealer may not shave the price, but you can talk him into some "extras"—a radio, heater, undercoating, new seat covers, or windshield washer.

The current OPS price ceilings on used cars mean that you do not have to suffer the abuses prevalent from 1941 through 1946. You have the upper hand for a change. And don't forget it.

PERHAPS YOU FEEL that the above-outlined technique for buying a used automobile is time-consuming and needlessly involved. However, by using it you can become your own expert and get more value, comfort, safety, and economical transportation for your dollars.

Of course, there are quicker and easier ways of buying used cars. You may simply stroll in and pick one out. But by doing so, you are playing an unknown game for high stakes. These days, it's a game that few of us can afford to lose.

The Ladder of Service

A CARTOON published in a great newspaper on Lincoln's birthday some years ago drew considerable attention. In it the artist had depicted a log cabin nestling at the foot of a high, frowning mountain. On the summit stood the White House. A ladder extended from the open door of the log cabin to the handsome structure on the mountaintop. Over the top of the drawing the artist had placed this inscription: "THE LADDER IS STILL THERE."

A whole volume of inspiration in one short sentence!

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

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HIDDEN TREASURE

by JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

John Hammond played for high stakes, but in the end Fate held the winning hand

ON A DAY IN 1889, John D. Hammond, agent of the Wells Fargo Company at Caddo, Oklahoma (then Indian Territory), sent his main office in Kansas City one of the most extraordinary telegrams ever to be flashed over the Western Union wires:

> I have stolen your gold shipment of $50,000 and hidden it in a place where it will never be found. I now await arrival of your arresting officers.

Company officials figured that Hammond had lost his mind, so they wired the marshal at Caddo to talk with him. Hammond was frank with the officer.

"They think I've gone loco, eh? Well, I haven't. But I'm a young man, and I don't want to be a wage slave all my life. You know the maximum penalty for this kind of theft?"

"Sure. Twenty years."

"That's right. Twenty years, and with time off for good behavior, I'll serve about 18. So while I'm in prison, I'll be earning about $2,500 a year, which is a good deal more than I'm making now."

The marshal stared at the young agent suspiciously.

"Oh, I'm sane, all right," declared Hammond. "I'm willing to serve 20 years for that fifty thousand. And I'll get it as soon as I'm released. Now, are you ready to take me in?"

The marshal obliged. But Wells Fargo officials, still skeptical, asked Hammond if he would be willing to undergo a mental examination. The prisoner agreed. Doctors confirmed the agent's assertion that he was in full possession of his senses.

Never did a convicted criminal go to prison more cheerfully than Hammond. And never were officers more dispirited than those who

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tried to wring from him the secret of where the $50,000 was hidden.

The years slipped by—until Hammond's sentence was about to expire. Many changes had taken place during that period. The Indian Territory had been admitted to statehood and now was part of Oklahoma. The population had almost quadrupled. New railroads were pushing through. Old lines, like the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, were double-tracking long stretches of their right of way.

None of these things were of particular interest to Hammond when, in December, 1909, he walked forth from prison a free man. On his way out, a guard stopped him. "Here's a letter the warden said I was to give you just before you left," the guard said.

"Thanks," said Hammond, and carelessly stuck the letter in his pocket. It wasn't until he got on the train for Caddo that he opened it, to read:

> This is to inform you that when the M. K. & T. double-tracked its line from Parsons, Kansas, to Denison, Texas, laborers running the track through Caddo dug up the trunk containing the $50,000 where you had hidden it about 50 feet in back of the railroad station.
>
> Very truly yours,
> WELLS FARGO CO.

It Happened in Hollywood

AT A BIG HOLLYWOOD dinner party, a famous feminine movie star remarked with some asperity to an equally celebrated masculine star, "Why did you make me walk home that night?"

Before the actor could offer an explanation, his lovely questioner's attention was distracted and he didn't get a chance to tell her. But this is what he remembered.

It happened some years ago, when the actor was a struggling young extra and the actress was a rising young star. The man had just received $35 for his first week's work, and had bought a ramshackle roadster. On the set he had been admiring the little star, and one day he offered her a lift home. The address she gave him was away out at the edge of town.

While the young man drove his rattling flivver along the palm-lined highway, he boasted of wealthy parents and the extra job he had taken just for fun. Presently he pulled up at a fork in the road and casually remarked, "Well, here's where I turn off. See you again tomorrow. So long."

The girl had to walk a mile to her home. But the young man had to walk even farther. Because a block from where he had offered her an airy farewell his car ran out of gas—just as he knew it would! And it stood on that road for three days before he could get the money to refuel it!

And that is what Clark Gable would have explained at that dinner party—if Janet Gaynor had only given him the chance!

—RANDOLPH SHELTON

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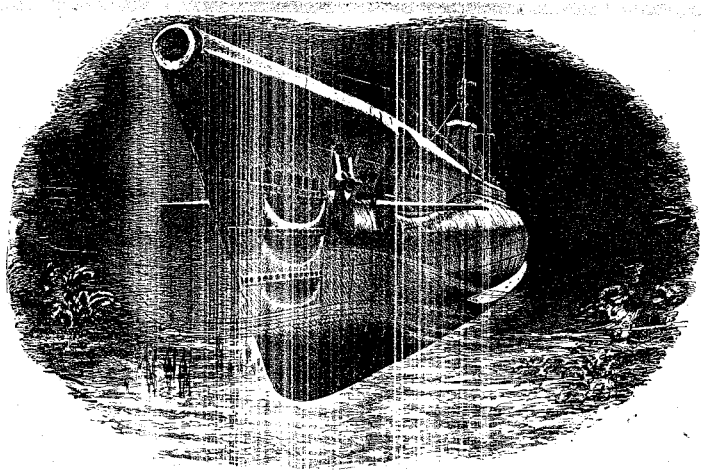

OPERATION DEEP

by GEORGE WELLER

For this graphic story of an emergency appendectomy aboard a U. S. Navy submarine during World War II, George Weller of the Chicago *Daily News* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for distinguished reporting in 1942. The "surgeon" was a 23-year-old pharmacist's mate who had himself suffered shrapnel wounds when the Japs bombed Cavite. While the bow and stern planesmen kept the submarine horizontal during 150 minutes below a stormy sea, the young seaman, aided by shipmates and using a weird variety of surgical tools, saved the life of a stricken sailor as the craft hid from enemy ships. —THE EDITORS.

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—"They are giving him ether now," was what they said back in the aft torpedo rooms.

"He's gone under, and they're ready to cut him open," the crew whispered, sitting on their pipe bunks cramped between torpedoes.

One man went forward and put his arm quietly around the shoulder of another who was handling the bow diving planes. "Keep her steady, Joe," he said. "They've just made the first cut. They're feeling around for it now."

"They" were a little group of anxious-faced men with their arms thrust into reversed white pajama coats. Gauze bandages hid all their expressions except the tensity in their eyes.

"It" was an acute appendix inside Dean Rector of Chautauqua, Kansas. The stabbing pains had become unendurable the day before, which was Rector's first birthday at sea. He was 19 years old.

The big depth gauge that looks like a factory clock and stands beside the "Christmas tree" of red and green gauges regulating the flooding chambers showed where they

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were. They were below the surface. And above them were enemy waters crossed and recrossed by Japanese destroyers and transports.

The nearest naval surgeon competent to operate on the 19-year-old seaman was thousands of miles away. There was just one way to prevent the appendix from bursting, and that was for the crew to operate upon their shipmate themselves. And that's what they did.

"He says he's ready to take his chance," the gobs whispered from bulkhead to bulkhead.

"That guy's regular"—the word traveled from bow planes to propeller and back again.

They "kept her steady."

The chief surgeon was a 23-year-old pharmacist's mate, Wheeler B. Lipes. He came from Newcastle, Virginia, and had taken the Navy hospital course in San Diego, thereafter serving three years in the naval hospital at Philadelphia.

Lipes' specialty as a laboratory technician was in operating a machine that registers heartbeats. He was classified as an electrocardiographer. But he had seen Navy doctors take out one or two appendixes and thought he could do it.

There was difficulty about the ether. The submariners did not know whether there would be enough to keep the patient unconscious throughout the operation.

They decided to operate on the table in the officers' wardroom, a space approximately the size of a Pullman drawing room. It is flanked by bench seats attached to the wall, and a table occupies the whole room—you enter with knees already crooked to sit down. The only way anyone can be upright in the wardroom is by kneeling. The operating room was just long enough so that the patient's head and feet reached the two ends.

First they got out a medical book and read up on the appendix, while Rector, his face pale with pain, lay in the narrow bunk. It was probably the most democratic surgical operation ever performed. Everybody from box-plane man to the cook in the galley knew his role.

The cook provided the ether mask. It was an inverted tea strainer. They covered it with gauze.

The 23-year-old "surgeon" had, as his staff of fellow "physicians," all men his senior in age and rank. His anesthetist was Communications Officer Lieut. Franz Hoskins of Tacoma, Washington.

Before they carried Rector to the wardroom, the submarine captain, Lieut. Commdr. W. B. Ferrall of Pittsburgh, asked Lipes to have a talk with the patient.

"Look, Dean, I never did anything like this before," Lipes explained. "You don't have much chance to pull through, anyhow. What do you say?"

"I know just how it is, Doc."

It was the first time in his life that anybody had called Lipes "Doc." But there was in him, added to the steadiness that goes with a submariner's profession, a new calmness.

The operating staff adjusted gauze masks while members of the engine-room crew pulled tight their reversed pajama coats over extended arms. The tools were laid out. They were far from perfect. The scalpel had no handle, but the medicine chest had plenty of hemostats, which are small pincers used for closing blood vessels. The machinist

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"rigged" a handle for the scalpel from a hemostat.

When you are going to have an operation, you must have some kind of antiseptic agent. In the medicine chest they found sulfanilamide tablets and ground them to powder. One thing was lacking: something to hold open the wound after the incision had been made.

Surgical tools used for this are called "muscle retractors." What would they use for retractors? In the galley they found tablespoons made of Monel metal. They bent these at right angles and had their retractors.

Sterilizers? They went to one of the greasy copper-colored torpedoes waiting beside the tubes. They milked alcohol from the mechanism and used it as well as boiling water.

The moment for the operation had now arrived. Rector, pale and stripped, stretched himself out on the wardroom table under the lamps. Rubber gloves dipped in torpedo alcohol were drawn upon the youthful "Doc's" hands. The fingers were too long. The rubber ends dribbled limply over.

"You look like Mickey Mouse, Doc," said one onlooker.

Rector on the wardroom table wet his lips, glancing a side look at the tea-strainer ether mask. Lipes nodded and Hoskins put the tea mask over Rector's face. No words were spoken; Hoskins already knew from the book that he should watch Rector's eye pupils dilate.

The surgeon, following the ancient hand rule, put his little finger on Rector's subsiding umbilicus, his thumb on the point of the hip bone, and, by dropping his index finger straight down, found the point where he intended to cut. At his side stood Lieut. Norvell Ward of Indian Head, Maryland, assistant surgeon.

Ward's job was to place tablespoons in Rector's side as Lipes cut through successive layers of muscle.

Engineering Officer Lieut. S. Manning of Cheraw, South Carolina, took the job which in a normal operating room is known as "circulating nurse." His job was to see that packets of sterile dressings kept coming, and that the alcohol and boiling water arrived at regular intervals from the galley.

They had what is called an "instrument passer" in Chief Yeoman H. F. Wieg of Sheldon, North Dakota, whose job was to keep the tablespoons coming—and coming clean. Skipper Ferrall, too, had his part. They made him "recorder." It was his job to keep count of the sponges that went into Rector.

IT TOOK LIPES in his flap-finger gloves nearly 20 minutes to find the appendix. "I have tried one side of the caecum," he whispered after the first minutes. "Now, I'm trying the other."

Whispered bulletins seeped back into the engine room and the crew's quarters. "The Doc has tried one side of something and now is trying the other side."

After more search, Lipes finally whispered, "I think I've got it now. It's curled way into the blind gut."

Lipes was using the classical McBurney's incision. Now was the time when his shipmate's life was completely in his hands.

"Two more spoons." They passed the word to Lieutenant Ward.

The patient's face, lathered with

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white petrolatum, began to grimace.

"Give him more ether," ordered the "doctor."

Hoskins looked at the original five pounds, now shrunk to hardly three-quarters of a can, but once again the tea strainer was soaked in ether.

Suddenly came the moment when the Doc reached out his hand, pointing toward the needle threaded with 20-day chromic catgut.

One by one the sponges came out. One by one the "retractors" were withdrawn and returned to the galley. At the end it was the Skipper who nudged Lipes and pointed to the tally of bent tablespoons. One was missing.

Lipes reached into the incision again, withdrew the wishboned spoon, and closed the incision.

They even had the tool ready to cut off the thread. It was a pair of fingernail scissors, well scalded in water and torpedo "juice."

At that moment the last can of ether went dry. They lifted up Rector and carried him into the bunk of Lieut. Charles K. Miller of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Miller alone had had control of the ship as diving officer during the operation.

Half an hour after the last tablespoon had been withdrawn, Rector opened his eyes. His first words were, "I'm still in there pitching."

By that time the sweat-drenched officers were hanging up their pajamas. It had taken them about two and a half hours for an operation ordinarily requiring 45 minutes.

"It wasn't one of those 'snappy valve' appendixes," murmured Lipes apologetically as he felt the first handclasps upon his shoulders.

When the submarine surfaced that night, the ether-drunk submarine crewmen found themselves grabbing the sides of the conning tower and slightly unsteady on their feet. Thirteen days later Rector, fully recovered, was at his battle station, manning the phones. And in a bottle vibrating on the submarine's shelves was the prize exhibit of surgeon Lipes—the first appendix ever known to have been removed below enemy waters.

Tsk! Tsk!

A YOUNG WOMAN who went to Vancouver to start a new job searched unsuccessfully for a room to live in. After consulting want ads, she raced to several boarding-houses but at each she found the vacancy had been filled.

Then, on a suburban street, she saw a "Room for Rent" sign and dashed through the gate at the same time as a young man on the same mission. They were met together by the landlady.

"We don't take married couples," the woman said bluntly, and shut the door.

The young woman looked at her rival, blushed, smiled, and hastily rang the doorbell. When the landlady appeared again the young woman began:

"I'm afraid you don't understand. You see, I'm not married to this young man . . ."

The landlady gave her a brief black look, and this time *slammed* the door. —*Maclean's Magazine*

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LORDS OF LAUGHTER

Pictures by PHILIPPE HALSMAN

IN DAYS OF OLD, kings had their jesters, who dared to babble the wise and witty words that froze on courtiers' tongues. At times it almost seemed as though the world's sanity had been left in the care of the jesters. And so it is still. Hard-pressed by headlines, we of today turn for relief to the comedians of movies, radio, and television, many of whom are pictured in these pages. They are the royal jesters of our troubled times, curing fits of gloom with doses of humor. Ed Wynn leads their comic parade, and it is fitting that he should, for his durable antics have helped us through close to half a century of boom and bust and war. "They used to put me in the funeral car when a member of my club died," he says, "and pretty soon I'd have them laughing. It was good practice for making people forget about world events."

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Jimmy Durante

A RAUCOUS ROAR of delight accompanied the rowdy little man through the standees. His mammoth nose hung over an ear-to-ear grin. Tiny eyes swept over the packed night club and blinked at the haze of smoke that seemed to rest on the tabletops. Then, nose pointing defiantly at a waiter bearing a shiny tray, Jimmy Durante slapped his thighs and roared: "Dere goes an olive surrounded by a load of ice. In dis cellar, dat's a steal at twelve-fifty!"

In the appreciative burst of laughter that followed, an instant rapport was born: Durante was on the customer's side. Even newcomers to Duranteism were sure he loved them—and they loved him back. The stage was set for an uproariously intimate party that lasted as long as the Maestro pitched piano tops at the orchestra leader and sang songs like *I'm Jimmy, that Well-Dressed Man* in that peculiarly violent style that is pure Durante. The closest he came to conventional comedy was when he sidled up to a dancer and growled: "Eat here every night and sign my name to da check." For the rest, his routine differed little from the one he used when he first crawled out from behind the piano in a "Cooney Island beer jernt" and kept 'em laughing "from 8 P.M. until unconscious."

The truth is that Durante is a clown whose natural equipment, reinforced by a razor-sharp sense of the preposterous, will never change, either in point of time or place. Durante in his hotel room, for example, gives as unstintingly of himself as does Durante on TV. He may trade his much-abused hat for a faded blue bathrobe; you may find him hunched over a bowl of corn flakes. But one gravelly "Umbriago," and a roomful of people is off and laughing. At one such session, Jimmy ran his fingers through his last 12 hairs—"every one has a muscle"—and said to his ever-present coterie: "Let's get Carmen Miranda and do a South American show. I can get all dressed up like a groucho."

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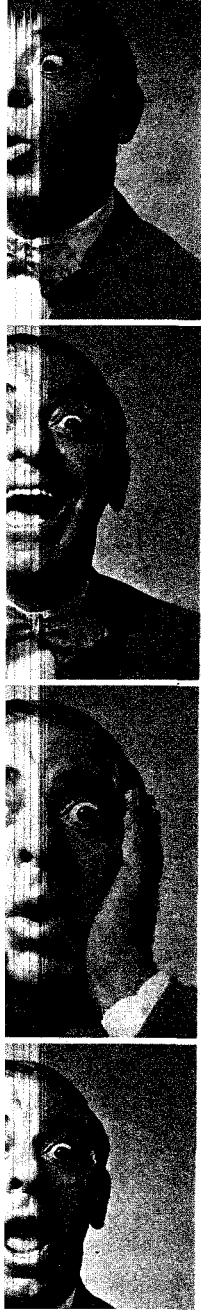

Eddie Cantor

HIS PECULIAR STYLE of comedy was sired by accident out of nervousness. It happened just before World War I, while he was serving as stooge to a team of jugglers. One night, the theater manager told him to get out on the stage and warm up the paying customers with a song. He was so nervous that he rushed toward the footlights at a frenzied pace, clapped his hands, rolled his bulging eyes and, while singing, bobbed up and down spasmodically. The audience roared; and once he had recovered from bewilderment, Eddie Cantor realized that at last he had found his true stage personality.

A slum-born boy, he had sung previously on sidewalk corners, at amateur nights, in saloons, summer resorts, and cheap music halls. Now he had a manner all his own, and he went ahead to build it into a national institution. By this time it has earned him an estimated $20,000,000, has induced countless people to contribute countless other millions of dollars to charity. In a succession of Ziegfeld "Follies," the Cantor—or St. Vitus's dance—type of stage behavior was perfected. Ziegfeld, a confirmed pessimist, was always on the verge of discarding his shows before they opened. Cantor, equally confirmed in optimism, was always having to buoy him up with doses of psychological vitamins.

There was the case of a musical called *Kid Boots*. After weeks of expensive rehearsals, Ziggy sent the word: he was for scrapping it. In order to dissuade him, Cantor put on a one-man performance of the whole play. Feeling that he had contracted St. Vitus's dance himself, just from watching, the producer finally said, "All right, we'll go ahead with it." Acclaimed by critics as one of its star's greatest triumphs, *Kid Boots* eventually grossed more than $3,000,000. Now, touching 60, Cantor still commands enough energy to light up Broadway. When asked to name his favorite comedian, he rolls his banjo eyes and answers, "Are you kidding?"

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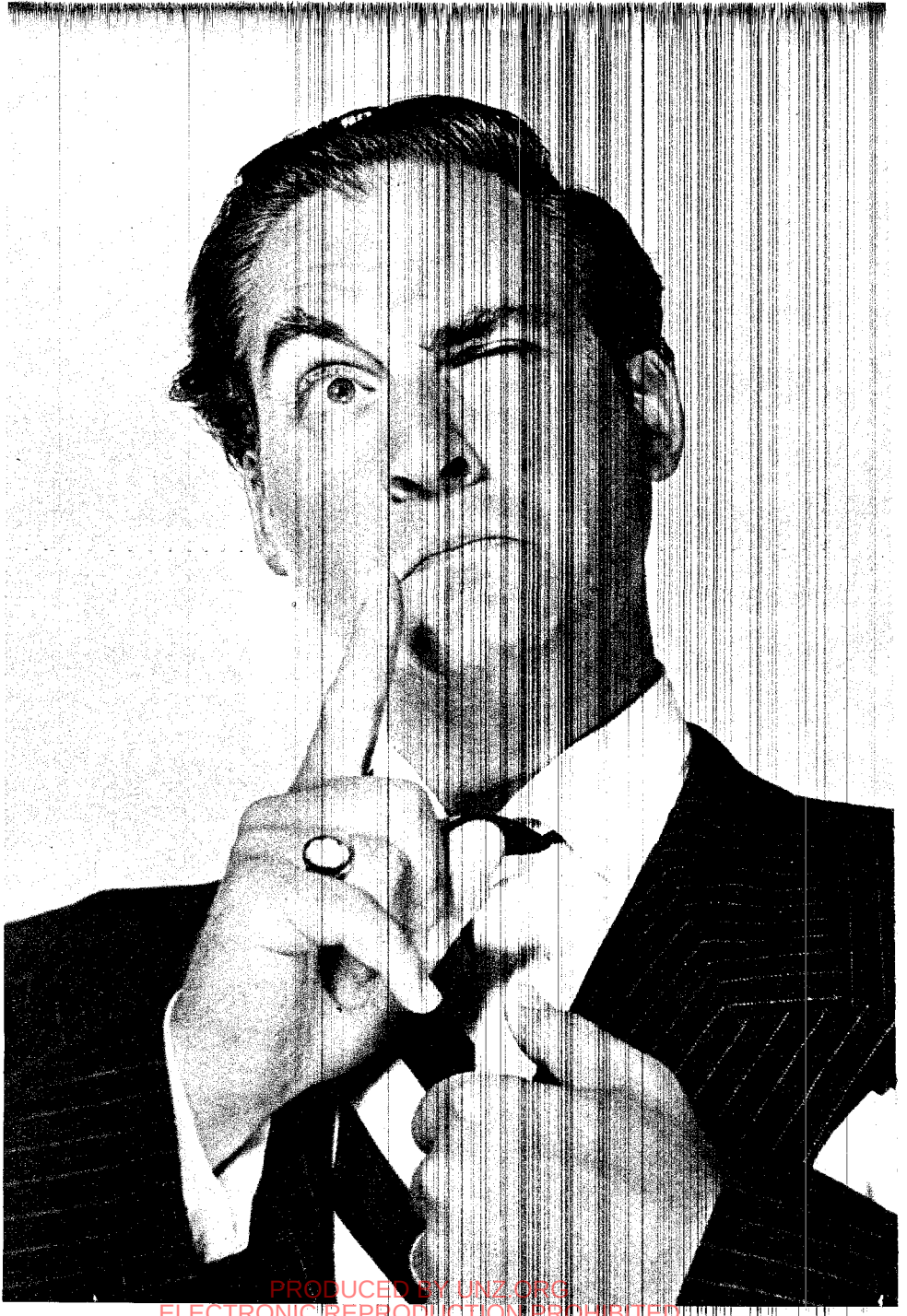

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Sid Caesar

MAX LIEBMAN, the producer of *Your Show of Shows*, trying to illustrate Sid Caesar's talents, once said: "Sid can put on an imaginary overcoat and all at once you know the color, the weave, and whether or not it fits."

It was only part of the Sid Caesar story. From the time he imitated two machine guns, three fliers, and six airplanes practically simultaneously in a Coast Guard show called *Tars and Spars*, Sid has created hilarity with monologue, pantomime, mimicry, and dialect. If you favor one, six other Caesarites—and the cult includes stars like Hope, Kaye and Allen—will defend another. Audiences have laughed at Caesar as a harried husband, a harassed father, a slot machine, white side-wall tires, a billiard ball, a herd of horses, a tom-tom, and Adolf Hitler. His dialects—he mastered them while being denounced in Russian, French and Italian for bouncing customers from his father's diner—are really gibberish, but sound so genuine that they have fooled the likes of General Eisenhower.

Sid describes his humor this way: "You laugh because you think: 'Ha, ha—that's George Perkins.' " Here Caesar's face breaks into a swarthy grin. "Ha, ha," he mimics, then points vehemently: "That's *you!*"

In one sketch, he had given his boss involved instructions on how to get to the Caesar household for a dinner party. The telephone rings. Sid blithely says hello. He nods once, grimly. He tries to interrupt with a "But, Boss." He listens some more. Then his face reddens with perplexity and rage. Finally, wearing a maniacal look of frustration, he roars: "But they have to let you back in. You're an American citizen!"

Little men like Charlie Chaplin have been past masters at provoking sympathy-tinged laughter in the past. But when audiences can believe in the helplessness of strapping, handsome Sid Caesar—and howl at it—there can be no question about his inherent talent.

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Imogene Coca

SOME TELEVISION COMEDIANS are afraid of being replaced by puppets, but Imogene Coca is not one of them, because her face is more puppetlike than Howdy Doody's. It assumes varied expressions far beyond the reach of any merely human countenance.

One Saturday night her hilarious colleague, Sid Caesar, exploited it to the full on their TV program, *Your Show of Shows*. Posing as an amateur photographer, he began to pull and push her pneumatic features in an attempt to make them photogenic. The results not only wowed the audience but startled him. It was like kneading dough. He would twist the Coca nose, and it would remain on the bias, or he would pull her mouth down, and down it would stay. Even more remarkable: after she has run through her repertoire of public grimaces, this fabulous physiognomy of hers looks perfectly normal, not to say downright attractive.

Nor should her other talents be slighted. Although Imogene is a virtuoso singer and dancer, she has added to these accomplishments a vinegary dressing of satire, mixing the lot into a performance that evokes the titter of the connoisseur as well as the loud laughs of ordinary folk. A friend once remarked: "Although they may not know it, Imogene's burlesques have put a lot of second-rate singers and dancers out of business." But, if it hadn't been for a man's camel-hair coat, she might never have evoked either, for it was her ambition at first to do serious things in the theater.

Then one day at a rehearsal it was cold, and she borrowed this coat from one of the actors in the cast and put it on. After that, in a further effort to keep warm, she began dancing around the stage with the overlong coattails flapping in the breeze. The producer laughed and thought: "That dance ought to be in the show." So in it went, and Imogene to her surprise became a comedienne overnight.

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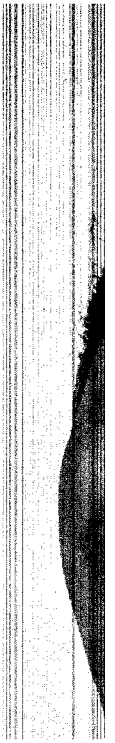

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Milton Berle

SOMEONE once characterized Milton Berle as the most resourceful ad-libber since Scheherazade, and estimated that if he had 25,000 jokes in his card file, he carried the other 975,000 in his head. Some are good, some are bad, most have been used by someone else first.

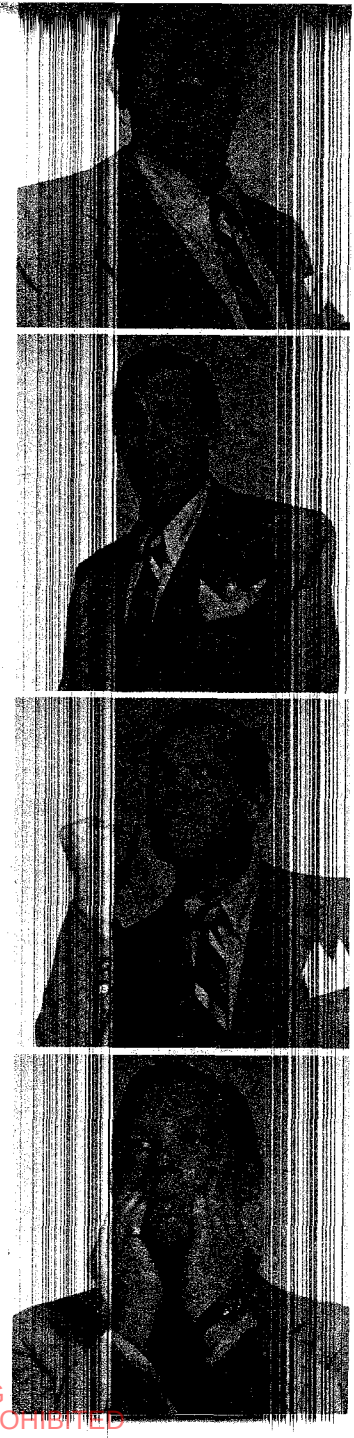
Good, bad, or indifferent, Berle and his jokes have received more free publicity from rival comedians than from any other source. When Mama Berle first took to sitting among the spectators and keying them with her well-practiced, booming laugh, one comic threatened to have the Berles investigated under the antitrust act. Another comedian regularly interrupted the laughter after his best gags to scream into the audience: "Drop that pencil, Berle!"

And Berle ate it up.

An incurable extrovert of 43, Uncle Miltie is already a 36-year show-business veteran and will probably go on forever. At the very least, his new 30-year contract with NBC will keep him in front of the TV cameras until he is 72—at which time he may stop dancing with the dancers and tumbling with the tumblers but undoubtedly will still be cracking wise.

Any two people make an audience for Berle—he loves to be "on." After his Tuesday night show, he locks the studio audience in and indulges in a two-hour "warm-over." Then he heads for Lindy's and ad-libs with the kibitzers until 3 A.M. or thereabouts.

The man who would just as soon throw away the script and fire gags at the rate of some 20 a minute from the most fabulous memory in show business cannot be stopped, stumped, or annoyed when he is onstage—least of all by hecklers—he is much too entranced by his comedy. Once, a drunk down front persisted in trying to match wits with the master—until Miltie chortled: "Look, Mister, I'm trying to make a living. Do I come down to where you work and kick your shovel out from under you?"



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FRED ALLEN, who started worrying 35 years ago when he was "the world's worst juggler" and ultimately worried himself into sole ownership of the most incisive wit in show business, was once worried about going on television. "Why should I be a pioneer?" he argued. "Look at Daniel Boone. He went through all those forests and didn't make a dime. Then the lumber companies came in and cleaned up."

Yet Allen *is* a pioneer. Shortly after he began calling himself a comedian—"It was after I got my second laugh; the first one could have been an accident"—he decided he would rather tell new jokes and get smaller laughs than tell old jokes and get bigger laughs.

"Jokes are like friends," he said later. "People will laugh at them at first and criticize them later." So he began to write his own jokes and, when he told them in his sardonic twang, they got the biggest laughs ever. But it was a painful process, and after 35 years it isn't any easier: "Face to face with a leering typewriter, all *I* do at first is sit and stare. Next I pinch the bags under my eyes. Then I stroke the typewriter lovingly. Sometimes I pitch it across the room. Occasionally, I peck out a word or two. Miracles later, the script is finished."

In it, there are news reports, the most famous of which was a war flash: "American forces have been ordered to halt their advance. They are three days ahead of H. V. Kaltenborn."

There are biting satires on some of the sacred cows of our time. One, on radio advertising, had 12 Radio City vice-presidents chewing their fingers down to the first knuckle. But who laughed hardest? The advertisers who, still laughing, called up first thing next morning to ask for recordings of the broadcast.

Once the program is over, Allen's routine seldom varies. "Well, that one belongs to the sparrows," he will say glibly, and promptly begin worrying about the next one.

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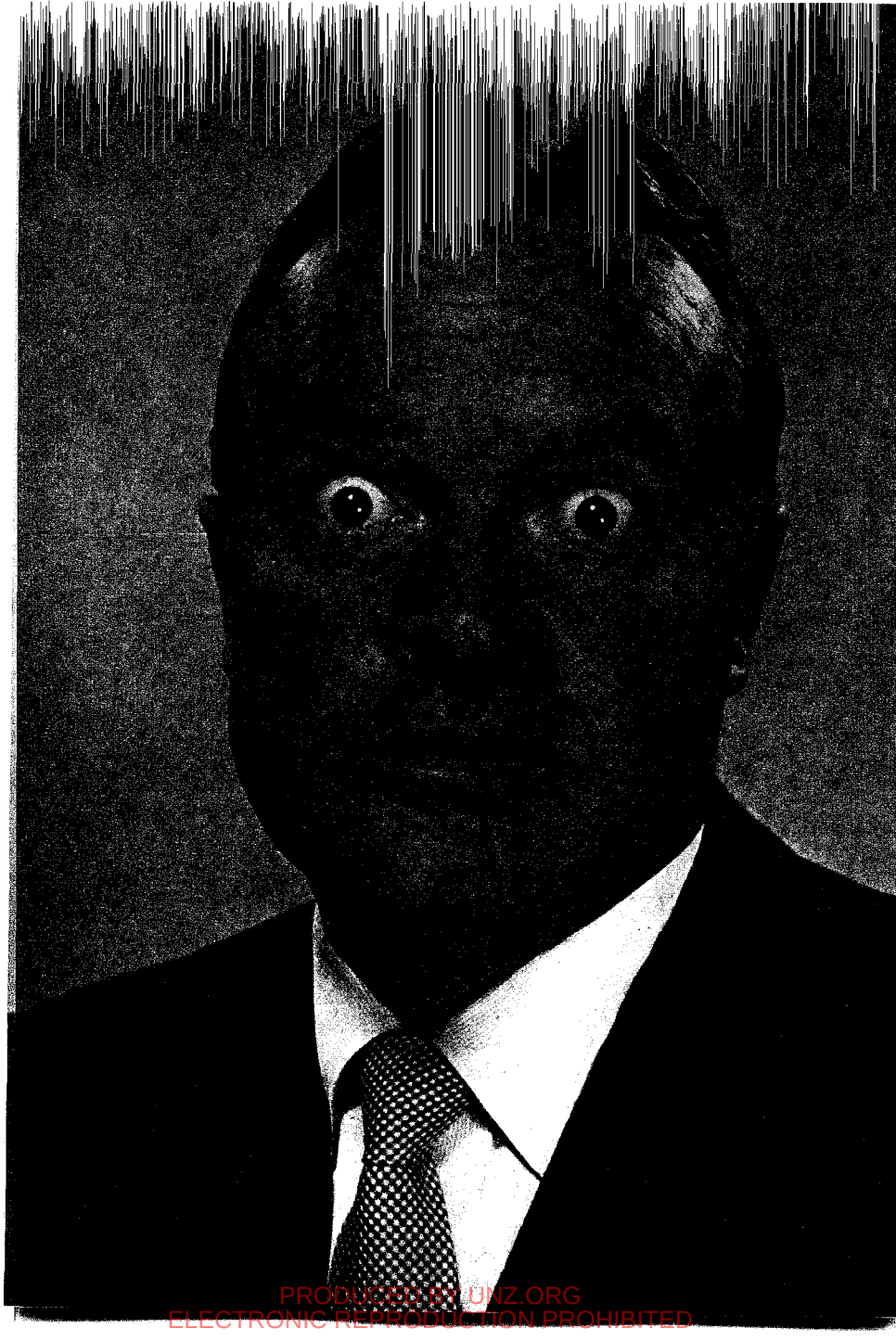

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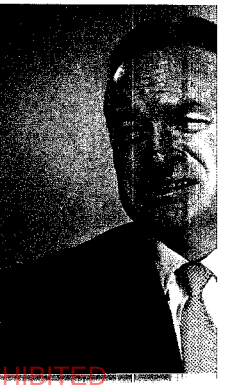
Bob Hope



"IT WAS MOTHER who discovered my nose," he once remarked. "She looked at it, turned to father, and said, 'William, call the doctor and tell him there has been a terrible mistake. They have taken the baby and left the stork!' "

It was a happy mistake, for babies happen all the time and only rarely does a family produce a Bob Hope. If his recollections of the incident are correct (an unlikely supposition, since he has made a career of mis-recollecting), then a lot of people think *we* made a mistake in picking the eagle as a national emblem. We should have picked the stork instead.

Hope approached show business the way a milk train approaches a city, pausing at every whistle-stop. Dentistry, boxing, saxophone-tootling, and dancing were his way stations. When he reached the theater, he became an express, headed for the nation's heart. It all happened while he was doing a corny vaudeville skit in Indiana. Asked to go on stage and announce the bill for the following week (when he and his partner would be gone), he quipped, "The manager wants you to know that next week there is going to be a *good* attraction here—The Whiz Bang Revue." The resulting mirth among the audience opened Hope's eyes to the possibilities of self-ridicule.

Since then he has passed up no chance to deflate his ego in public, and the response—from people whose lives are devoted mostly to trying to inflate theirs—has been overwhelming. The remarks about his nose, quoted above, are typical of his comic technique. Indeed, he is so belittling toward himself that occasionally his ego seems to disappear entirely. This was particularly noticeable during World War II, when he spared no effort to bring cheer into the grim lives of men in hospitals and at the front. It was a performance unmatched for self-sacrifice in the entertainment world, and the Army and the country loved him for it.

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Ray Bolger

HIS HUMOR doesn't come out of the mouth. He tells jokes with his arms and legs and flying feet. The country's foremost dance-comedian, he can set an audience howling with a kick in the air. But the richest joke of all is that Ray Bolger didn't want to become a dancer. He only learned in order to be able to go out with girls, and he was so bad that he had to practice constantly. After getting fired from two jobs for doing glides and shuffles in the office, he figured he'd take up dancing professionally, just to keep from getting fired again.

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CLASSROOM MOVIES for Tomorrow's DRAFTEES

by FRANK H. GROVER

A unique new program is helping our young people to make a difficult adjustment

IT WAS A school morning early last March; but Bud didn't go to school. Instead, he started making the rounds of the stores in the Pennsylvania suburb where he lived, looking for a job.

Next day, Bud's parents found out that he had quit school—one of 11 juniors who didn't show up for classes that March morning. The other ten never did go back. Some of them found work; others loafed; two joined the Navy not long ago.

Bud went back. His return to the classroom cost his father $900, a good portion of the family's savings, but the boy did get his high-school diploma.

Bud's father runs a filling station. Bud is the oldest of four children, and his parents were determined he should finish high school. They tried ordering him, they tried pleading, and they talked to the school officials. Finally, the father had a heart-to-heart talk with Bud.

"Just why did you quit, son?" he asked the boy.

"Well," Bud replied, "the way things are, I'll be drafted into the service in another year." He paused. "Then everything'll be over! I've got to *live* first!"

"And what does that mean, Bud?"

"I'm going to get a job and buy a car. I want to have a good time before it's too late."

"And a good time means having a car of your own?"

"That's right," replied Bud.

"It'll take you a long time to save up enough money for one," his father pointed out. "Suppose I buy you one right now."

"I'll do anything you want, Dad," the youth cried happily. "I'll work for you every day!"

"All right, I'll buy you a car—if you'll work for me by going back and finishing high school."

Bud accepted the offer. And the used convertible he was soon driving cost his father $900.

"I couldn't afford it," the father explained to the school counselor, "but I kept saying to myself, 'One day, he may be in a foxhole, and if he is, I'll have to live with myself. I'll keep thinking—if I had only done what he wanted.'

"You know, this draft situation surely makes problems . . ."

At almost the same time, in a small town in Oklahoma, a young couple who had been going together for two months ran off and got mar-

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ried. They were seniors in high school. Within three weeks, six other couples at the same school were married. Some were seniors, some juniors. Two of the couples had parental consent; the others had only parental tolerance after the ceremony was performed.

When interviewed and asked "why" they had decided on this hasty entrance into matrimony, the answers were the same from each couple. "The boys are going into service. Who can say 'no'?"

These are bold examples of the problems that America's young people face in the shadow of impending military service. For the 11 boys who left one school, there were a hundred more who didn't leave—but were too upset to study and too confused to care.

For the seven couples who hurried into marriage, there were a dozen others who had the same feeling of urgency but accepted extramarital sex activities as the answer. For each of these, there were 20 others who felt "all mixed up"—not knowing what to do or think.

Why should military service pose such problems? Probably because of the cultural pattern of America in which these young people have been reared. The boys and girls now in high school have grown up taking certain principles for granted.

First, peace is basic. Youngsters have been taught to abhor violence and to value "getting along with others." This philosophy runs all through their training, from infancy through high school.

Second, military training and war are identified as the same thing. The beginning of training means the beginning of war. To be taken into service means to start for the battle lines.

When you realize how deeply these ideas are rooted in the psychology of young people, you can appreciate what Bud meant when he told his father, "I've got to have a good time *first!*"

WITH THE BEGINNING of the Korean War, and especially with the passage of the Universal Military Training and Service Act last June by Congress, the nation endorsed new principles which demand great psychological adjustments by our young people and by their parents.

We now, as a nation, have declared that boys in high school will be trained to fight, no matter what their past experience.

But this military training does not mean the beginning of war. It may even mean the end of war. We do not know. We do not know whether or not war will come; if it does come, we don't know when it will come. These boys may be men with sons of their own in high school before the next war. But these boys will be trained for military service.

Here we have a great shift in thinking and in values, a big change in our social pattern. The most immediate effects of these changes fall on our young people.

They are the ones who must leave home, who must give up all they have come to expect of life—or so it seems to them. If this crucial situation is not to result in more withdrawals from school, more hasty elopements, more moral breakdowns, more poor students, poor servicemen, and poor citizens, adequate guidance measures must be taken.

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This fact has been recognized by school administrators, educational specialists, and religious leaders, as well as military authorities. As early as January 1951, some schools were tentatively offering guidance to boys with "draft problems." Other schools asked their counseling staff to assume heavier burdens by trying to handle individual problems as they arose. In a number of schools, administrators planned courses to combine the information and guidance jobs.

One such school was in Benton Harbor, Michigan, where Superintendent S. C. Mitchell requested permission from his board to explore the possibilities of a preinduction course. When permission was granted, Mitchell began to gather information and advice from every available source.

Near the end of the second term, he was ready to offer the course, but there was no classroom time available. He put the problem to boys in the senior class. The answer was surprising. They wanted the course badly enough for them to be willing to come to school each morning *45 minutes early!*

At the end of this voluntary experiment, Mitchell was convinced the course was urgently needed. But, lacking instructional materials, he had had to call on outside speakers, faculty members who were veterans, recruiting officers, and other more or less unprepared sources. To carry on in 1951, he needed more teaching aids.

Meanwhile, men and women representing the teaching profession were also at work. The American Council on Education, the National Education Association, the U. S. Office of Education, and others had been studying the problems of boys who would be called into service. They were seeking answers to this group of questions:

1. What information can we give that will be dependable? Can any of the boys go on to college? How long will the training last? How will inductees be classified?

2. What can the young people do while in school to prepare themselves to make the most of their time in service?

3. By what means can we inform the schools and the young people most effectively? And can we obtain this means in time?

In December 1950, one of the nation's largest producers of instructional motion pictures wrote to the Department of National Defense, announcing its intention "to produce a series of films designed to help young people adjust to and prepare for military training." Would the Department supply cooperation and technical assistance?

By March, about the time Bud and his fellow students were dropping out of school, the diverse efforts of school administrators, educational leaders, and private industry were all being focused on a single objective: to make available to the schools of the nation for the school year 1951-52 an adequate series of instructional films which would help young people prepare to give their best to, and make the most of, military service.

Such an objective seemed almost impossible to achieve, for there was no model for such a film series; there was no pattern for the cooperative work of so many different agencies. Even the choice of motion pictures

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as the medium was an experiment. In the past, textbooks had always come first and films had followed. But since films could do more to meet the urgent need, it was agreed to produce them first.

Even the schedule looked like an impossible one. Ordinarily, teaching films are planned for about a year and are "in production" another year. To plan, produce, and release a full series of films within a period of nine months seemed out of the question.

Only the urgent need and the untiring efforts of individuals made the planning and production move through on time. But that is a story in itself.

The pattern of cooperation used is important. The educational agencies through their investigations developed principles and facts. These were translated into film, which was checked by the educational agencies. Here is a single example taken from the entire series:

Health, recreation, and physical-education teachers worked with the Department of Defense to design standards and tests to show whether or not a boy had the minimum physical preparation for service training. When this inquiry was completed, a film was produced to show not only the tests and standards, but also how to use them and how a boy, physically unprepared, could fit himself for active service.

There are 14 films in the series—one for each week of a semester course. While the films will be used principally with senior boys, educators urge that they be shown throughout the high-school years. "The sooner they are used in the schools of America, the fewer big problems we will have to face," one principal says.

Here are the purposes which form the core of each film. As you read them, think of your own boy or of your neighbor's son.

If they are to be called into service, they have a right to know why the step is necessary.

They have a right to know how life plans can be made which include military service.

They have a right to know on what basis service is demanded.

They have a right to know when to begin to prepare for service.

They have a right to know how to get ready physically for military training.

They have a right to know how to prepare themselves emotionally for military life.

They have a right to know how to get ready for the moral problems that service will bring.

They have a right to know what they will be trained to defend.

They have a right to know what the military services are.

They have a right to know how the armed services are getting ready to take care of them when they put on uniforms.

They have a right to know what life in service is like.

They have a right to know what and why and whom they may be called on to fight.

They have a right to know how to profit the most from military training and from time in service.

Finally, they have a right to know why they—instead of others—are being called to service.

If a youth knows these answers, if he thinks through these questions, his problems in adjusting to mili-

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tary duty can be met successfully. There will be none of the confusion and uncertainty that rob school and home life of meaning.

But the goal will not be achieved until the films are being used widely and effectively in America's high schools. Production work has been completed. The films are now being made available systematically throughout the country.

The final answers, however, will be found in each school and in each community. For it is within the school itself that the problems are found—that the pressures created by the new draft law are felt most keenly. It is up to your school to answer the all-important question:

"Shall we take steps to ease the pressures on him now—or shall we let the pressures build up until he becomes another Bud?"

The teaching materials for this course have been made available through one of the most remarkable instances of educational cooperation in history. With the adequate use of these new films, our young people can adjust successfully to the biggest demand that our society will ever make of them.

School executives, teachers, parents: For complete information on how you may secure these films for use in your schools, please write to: Educational Editor, Coronet Magazine, 65 E. South Water, Chicago 1, Illinois.

The American Scene

A YOUNG WOMAN of my acquaintance is in the business of ringing doorbells to ask questions in consumer research. Housewives, she finds, are not always cooperative. But she has developed a technique for such cases. As she backs away from an unresponsive subject, she snaps a string which sends a cascade of cheap pearls to the floor. No woman, she has found, can stand coldly aloof in the face of such a mishap, and as they scramble around together picking up the pearls, the ice is broken and she gets her answer. —*The Rotarian*

THE MAN WONDERED why his friend never had any trouble with the used cars he bought.

"I don't understand it," he said. "After all, you know very little about cars."

"That's true," admitted his friend, "but I've got a system. You see, I get a car on approval and then right away drive to another used-car dealer and tell him I want to sell it. In a minute he's telling me everything that's wrong with it."

—*Future*

LAST FALL, DURING a crucial World Series game, a friend of mine was driving along U. S. Route 30 when he noticed a Pennsylvania State Highway Patrol car some distance behind him. He immediately slowed down to 45 miles and drove along, mile after mile, with the trooper trailing him.

Unable to stand the suspense, my friend finally pulled over to the shoulder of the road and stopped. The trooper did likewise, alighted, walked forward smiling, and said to my friend: "I couldn't have stood it much longer either, sir. Will you please tell me what the score is?" —VIRGINIA T. COLLINS

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KUKLA AND OLLIE'S REAL-LIFE HEROINE

by CAROL HUGHES

Fran Allison's road to success and happiness has been a strange one

EVERY NIGHT at 7 o'clock, when some 20 million people switch their television dials to NBC for the Kukla, Fran and Ollie show, few of them realize that the soft-voiced girl, Fran Allison, is not acting at all. Her gentle patience and quiet humor are as typical of her real life as they are of her relationship with the roguish Ollie and the earnest little Kukla.

Her poise with the Kuklapolitans, the quality that makes them real to so many people, is in direct contrast to her gossipy, sometimes snippy, old "Aunt Fanny" on Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, yet both roles prove that Fran has a deep understanding of the world of fancy and the world of reality.

When Burr Tillstrom was searching for the perfect foil for his puppets, he said: "What I need is a girl who can talk to a dragon." Fran Allison is that girl. Her warm humanity, which has made her a "member of the family" to millions, is no happy accident—it is the reflection of a mature, intelligent woman who has known both sorrow and happiness, failure and success.

Her earliest childhood recollections are of a home darkened by her father's illness, yet held together by the faith and determination of the mother, Nan Allison. While Fran was still a small girl in her native La Porte City, Iowa, her father was stricken with paralysis, and the family was forced to move to the home of grandparents.

Fran took on certain household responsibilities, and it was well that she did: before long the hard-working mother fell victim to tuberculosis and entered a sanatorium. Doctors were pessimistic about Nan's chances of recovery, but after a year, having "prayed herself" well, she returned to her family. When Fran was 11 years old, she and her brother Lynn were back home.

"My mother taught me that prayer could triumph over unbelievable obstacles," says Fran. "From the time Father was stricken, she taught me how necessary it is to fight hard for life. Every time I feel discouraged or overworked, I remember her example of the power of prayer."

Fran was finally graduated from La Porte High, and entered Coe College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to prepare herself for a teaching career. She studied hard, but also found

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time to sing in church choirs and at school entertainments.

She got her first teaching assignment at Schleswig, Iowa, at $100 a month. During vacations she worked as a clerk in a Waterloo department store. For four years she kept up this schedule, at the same time directing a number of home-talent shows in Waterloo. Then she gave up teaching to take a full-time job with the local radio station.

There she almost ran the place, doing spot announcements, cooking lessons, commercials—anything that came along. She didn't know it at the time, but she was acquiring experience that would make her one of radio's most versatile performers.

One day she was standing outside the studio from which Joe Dumond was broadcasting his Cornhuskers program. Dumond sang out in a prankish mood: "Well, folks, look who's here. Our old Aunt Fanny! Come on up, Aunt Fanny, and tell us what's new."

The startled Fran looked around, to make sure Joe was talking to her, then headed for the stage. She gave an impromptu take-off of a gossipy, garrulous old spinster, thus creating a role that has been her bread-and-butter stand-by ever since. It won her a sponsor and earned her a little extra money as a daily feature on the Waterloo station.

FRAN NOW SETTLED DOWN to her modest radio career, not giving faraway big cities more than a passing thought. Then she got her first big break. After singing at her school's homecoming program, she met Bennet Chapple, an executive of the American Rolling Mills. He arranged an audition for her with NBC in Chicago, and soon Fran was holding down a staff job in which she filled in wherever and whenever needed. Her all-around experience on the little Waterloo station was beginning to pay off.

Fran became a girl vocalist on the Breakfast Club; played in soap operas; became an expert at singing commercials. She was easygoing, tractable, and completely lacking in theatrical temperament. Most important of all, she loved her work. When her talkative "Aunt Fanny" became a Breakfast Club regular, her salary was raised to $50 a week.

It was while living in this dream world that Fran decided to take a week end off for some well-earned relaxation. She and a friend, Jessica Hey, were driving near Des Moines when a speeding car crashed into them, head-on. Fran was hurled into metal and glass.

Later, in a state of semiconsciousness, she heard voices and knew vaguely that she was in a hospital. Jessica, miraculously unhurt, was saying in a low voice: "Call her mother, but don't tell her she's dying." Then a priest came and Fran knew how close she was to death.

Hours later, somewhere in a shadowy land of pain, Fran heard Jessica whisper: "We have called your mother—she is praying." Dimly, Fran was aware of a sense of peace: if Nan was praying, she might still pull through.

Today, Fran says: "Mine was certainly a hopeless case, but Nan's prayers reached me and brought back the will to fight. I found out afterwards that she paced the kitchen floor for ten straight hours, praying constantly and asking everyone who came to the door—

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milkman, delivery boy, mailman—to join her."

For three weeks Fran remained at the hospital, wavering between life and death, and, in her more lucid moments, worrying about many things—the bills piling up, her scarred face, the recurrent pains and headaches that plagued her, the effort required just to stay alive.

Again it was Nan who pulled her through, by taking her home from the hospital and ministering personally to all her needs—physical, mental, and spiritual. She cheered Fran, gave her the will to fight, encouraged her to take stock of life. Pointedly she reminded her that her sight had been spared, that her throat was all right. She could still sing, she could laugh, she could talk. But most of all it was the example Nan set of cheerfulness, confidence, and courage that started Fran on the road back.

Gradually, as she recovered sufficiently to leave her bed, she was consoled by another thought: she might even be able to resume her career. After all, few people saw you in radio. Behind that microphone she was merely a voice. So back she went to her job, wanting no recognition, asking merely to live in obscurity. Self-conscious, timid, she went her solitary way, refusing interviews and turning down requests for personal appearances.

Then one day a bright new world began for Fran. The representative of a music-publishing house walked into the studio with some songs he wanted to get on the air. Fran liked Archie Levington at once, and he liked her. Their friendship soon turned to love. They had different religious faiths, but their mutual understanding overcame that barrier, and in 1940 they were married.

Fran was happy now, contented in her marriage. She won a name for herself on the Breakfast Club circuit, and her fan mail increased appreciably. But still she hid behind her microphone, and made excuses to keep from meeting people.

One day, Fran heard of a facial surgeon in Memphis, Tennessee, who she thought would be able to help her. Every chance she got, she traveled to Memphis for the slow and painful process of having her face restored. Today there is no trace of scars even on the telltale TV screen, and millions of people consider her one of television's prettiest performers.

NOT LONG AFTER the successful facial surgery, Fran and Archie had still another reason for happiness—she was going to have a baby. Joyously they awaited its arrival, making plans for a new home. Fran would give up work and devote herself to being a wife and mother. But fate willed otherwise, and she lost the baby. It was a desperate blow, and today she says: "If it hadn't been for Archie, I would never have pulled through."

At this point, Levington sent for Nan to make her home with them, and the husband and mother restored Fran's faith and courage.

Now, at last, the rewards for which she had worked so long began to come Fran Allison's way. Chief among them was the chance to star on the Kukla, Fran and Ollie program. It all began in 1947, when the director of Chicago television station WBKB asked Burr Tillstrom if he could put together a

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puppet show for children. The director offered to supply writers, scripts, and attendants.

Tillstrom, who must manipulate Ollie with one hand and Kukla with the other, looked at him pityingly. "What would I do with a script?" he asked. "Hold it in my teeth? No, what I need is someone who can talk back as I go along."

Then Burr remembered Fran Allison, whom he had met during World War II on a war-bond tour. Tillstrom knew instinctively that she was the girl who could talk to his dragon, and thus she joined the show. Today, millions of television fans agree he couldn't have made a happier choice.

The Kukla, Fran and Ollie program means a great deal to Fran. It has put her in the higher income brackets (along with her other activities), and has brought her nation-wide fame.

A naturally attractive woman, Fran Allison needs little help from the beauty shop. She is tall—five feet nine—and has large brown eyes, even white teeth, and soft, wavy gray hair that she doesn't try to "pretty up." Only once did she weaken in this regard.

Scheduled to do a TV show in Washington with some Hollywood stars, she spent the afternoon in a beauty shop and emerged with a shining dark rinse. The director of the show took one look and groaned: "What did you do to your hair?" She has never tampered with her tresses again.

The Levingtons live on Chicago's fashionable North State Parkway in a renovated old coach house. In business hours, Archie operates his own music-publishing company, but at home he indulges his love for carpentry and for installing gadgets. Nan still makes her home with the Levingtons, a loving and beloved member of the household.

For relaxation, Fran reads mystery stories. She also listens to soap operas for their value as character studies. At night, the Levingtons take off to do the clubs around town. This is partly for business reasons: Archie must keep up with the new songs and singers. Most of the couple's close friends are people in radio, television, and other fields of show business.

The misfortunes that tempered Fran Allison's earlier life have had a lot to do with her present happiness. "No one has so much to be grateful for," she says. "With a wonderful husband and a wonderful mother, I am a very lucky person."

Undoubtedly, tragedy and misfortune did help to make Fran Allison the type of person of whom Burr Tillstrom says: "She is one of the most sincere, heart-warming persons in show business. Her great understanding and love for people are reflected in her work, and inspire everyone who comes in contact with her."

Slogan for Safety

Approach a school the way you used to do when you were a child . . . SLOWLY!

—*The Empire*

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The Mystery Sleep
THAT BAFFLES SCIENCE

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

Still unsolved is the riddle of animal hibernation and the strange forces behind it

THIRTY-TWO DAYS after the start of each new year, one of nature's greatest mysteries makes the headlines. Groundhog Day spotlights the riddle of hibernation. But the woodchuck that blinks in the winter sunshine on February 2 isn't looking for his shadow. He is in love. After four solid months of the deepest sleep known to science, he is looking for a mate.

The sleepy-eyed Lothario that peers from his burrow during this mating month emerges from one of the strangest adventures of the animal world. He is virtually rising from the dead. For 16 weeks and more, the flame of his life has sunk so low it has almost—but not quite—gone out.

During the summer, a woodchuck breathes 25 to 30 times a minute. Yet, during hibernation, it may breathe only once in five minutes. Normally, its heart throbs about 80 times a minute. During the long sleep, its pulse slows down to four or five beats a minute, just sufficient to keep thickened and sluggish blood in motion.

Its limbs grow rigid. Its temperature drops as low as 37 degrees Fahrenheit, only a few degrees above freezing. Thus, for months on end, the hibernating woodchuck skirts the fine line that divides the living and the dead.

At the same time, millions of other creatures—frogs buried in mud, bats hanging upside down in caverns, ground squirrels rolled into furry balls, bears hidden in dark and silent dens—all of them are also passing the winter in one long night of slumber.

The depth of that slumber varies. Some animals are stirred to consciousness by light, by noise, even by unfamiliar odors. Chipmunks alternately sleep and feast. On the

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other hand, a woodchuck can be rolled across the floor like a ball without awakening. And a Columbian ground squirrel of the West, which sleeps curled up vertically like a doughnut on its side, remains so lost to the world that it can be tossed in the air and caught repeatedly while it slumbers on.

This state of suspended animation makes animals immune to many dangers. A sleeping hedgehog was thrust under water more than 20 times without drowning, and a hibernating bat was left for an hour submerged in a pail of water and then pulled out, none the worse for its ordeal.

In a European laboratory, scientists sealed a marmot, a relative of our woodchuck, in an airtight jar filled with carbon dioxide. After four hours in this lethal chamber, the animal was examined and found to be unharmed.

Although scientists have studied the mystery of hibernation for hundreds of years, it is still largely a puzzle unsolved. Like the riddle of migration among birds, its effect is obvious, but its hidden causes and exact manner of functioning are unknown. Both migration and hibernation are nature's scheme for keeping alive, in a given area, more creatures than she has food to feed the year around.

But what is the trigger that sets off hibernation? It is not always cold, although cold is one factor. Woodchucks frequently den up early in fall while it is still warm, and some ground squirrels commence their hibernation in the heat of midsummer. Nor is the cause always scarcity of food.

Animals in captivity often drowse off into winter slumber when there is ample food right under their noses. Similarly, hibernators nod and fall asleep in well-lighted laboratories. So lessening light and shortening days cannot be accepted as the single explanation. Moreover, just as only certain birds have the instinctive urge to migrate, so only the hibernators among animals have the racial rhythm that leads to winter torpor.

One thing, however, is invariable. The fattest individuals begin their hibernation first and tend to stay asleep the longest. In late summer, when a woodchuck is building up fat, it will sometimes eat as much as one-third its weight in plants at a single feeding. Woodchucks, bears, and other mammals slowly assimilate excess fat during their months of sleep. Like oil in a lamp that is turned low, it is gradually burned in order to maintain the flame of life.

One event in the black bear's hibernation is as factual as it is fantastic. This is the birth of the cubs during a kind of natural-twilight sleep. From six weeks to two months before the female finally arouses from her hibernation, the young are born. Usually there are two cubs, blind, almost naked, about eight inches long and weighing only from nine to twelve ounces. This smallness of the cubs enables the mother to suckle them without too great a drain on her system at the end of her long fast.

DURING THE long slumber of hibernation, digestion almost comes to a standstill. So do other bodily processes. Hence, some scientists have suggested that one im-

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portant factor in the deep torpor may be autointoxication.

The famous Boston surgeon, Dr. Harvey Cushing, reported that the pituitary gland of a woodchuck is reduced in size during its winter sleep. In England, it was noted that the thyroid of the hedgehog shrinks in autumn and resumes its normal size in spring. Even tiny injections of warm thyroid extract will arouse a hibernating hedgehog. However, if the same solutions are cold, the sleeping animal falls into even deeper slumber.

Thus, scientists have unearthed tantalizing hints, but no final solution, to the riddle of nature's mystery sleep. One thing, however, has stood out in their researches with warm-blooded animals. The species that hibernate are the ones with the least-perfect temperature control. In a healthy human, body temperature varies only a fraction of a degree. But in animals that hibernate, it may change as much as 15 degrees during the 24 hours of a summer day.

All animals were at one time cold-blooded. Some scientists maintain that, as winter approaches, the mammals with the most imperfect temperature control give up the fight. They tend to revert to the cold-bloodedness of their reptilian ancestors. But they never quite cross the line; they remain slightly warmer than their surroundings. Hibernation banks the fire of life but, in its mysterious way, never extinguishes it.

In two and a half hours, the temperature of an awakening woodchuck may shoot up 48 degrees. A dormouse has been known to gain 34 degrees in less than three-quarters of an hour. The animals revive from head to tail. They are literally hotheaded as they wake up.

Violent shivering assists the aroused sleepers in equalizing their temperatures. At the same time, they pant rapidly, expelling the carbon dioxide that has accumulated in their systems. Thus the long sleep of hibernation comes to its swift conclusion. But the mystery of that sleep, so long eluding solution, remains with us

Tribute, Reproach, Suspicion!

"YOUNGSTER," said the old married man to a friend about to be wed, "you will find, as you give things to your wife, that she will go through three stages."

"Really?" rejoined the lovesick swain. "That's very interesting. What are the three stages?"

"At first," came the solemn explanation, "she will say, 'You are the sweetest, most wonderful husband in the world.' Then, before you know it, she will accept a gift with, 'Well, it's about time. I thought you'd never get it for me!' "

"And the third stage?" inquired the young man fearfully.

The older man sighed. "Then she'll say, but softly, and only to herself, 'He gave it to me without a struggle. I wonder what he's up to?' "

—*Wall Street Journal*

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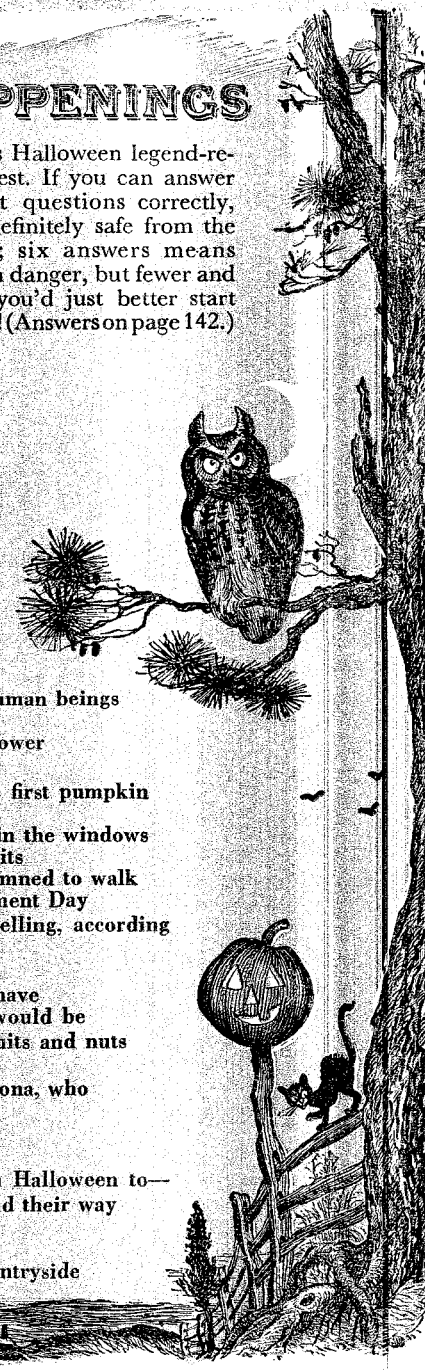
HOBGOBLIN HAPPENINGS

This is the season when witches straddle their brooms and the gremlins come out of their caves. Television star Ken Murray ("The Ken Murray Show," CBS-TV, Saturday, 8 to 9 P.M. EST) feels you should protect yourself against these evil spirits with this Halloween legend-refresher test. If you can answer all eight questions correctly, you're definitely safe from the goblins; six answers means you're in danger, but fewer and —well, you'd just better start running! (Answers on page 142.)

1. What is a hobgoblin?
   a. A cat with wings
   b. A mischievous sprite
   c. A headless horse
2. What is the real name for Halloween?
   a. All Saints' Day
   b. Allhallow Eve
   c. Hallow Day
3. When is Halloween?
   a. October 29
   b. October 30
   c. October 31
4. Cats were considered sacred in Halloween tradition because—
   a. It was believed they once had been human beings
   b. Cats were very scarce in those days
   c. It was thought that cats had healing power
5. Why is a Jack-o'-lantern so named?
   a. Because a boy named Jack carved the first pumpkin to make a Jack-o'-lantern
   b. Because Jack-o'-lanterns were placed in the windows of homes to frighten away bad spirits
   c. Because a man named Jack was condemned to walk the earth with a lantern until Judgment Day
6. The chief object in Halloween fortunetelling, according to tradition, was to:
   a. Find out how long you would live
   b. Learn how many children you would have
   c. Discover who your husband or wife would be
7. From whom was the custom of using fruits and nuts for refreshment on Halloween taken?
   a. Roman festival of the goddess of Pomona, who cared for the fruits
   b. Puck, the Hobgoblin
   c. The feast of Allhallows
8. The ancient Druids lit huge bonfires on Halloween to—
   a. Make it light enough for people to find their way home from the ceremonies
   b. Frighten evil spirits away
   c. Call worshipers together from the countryside



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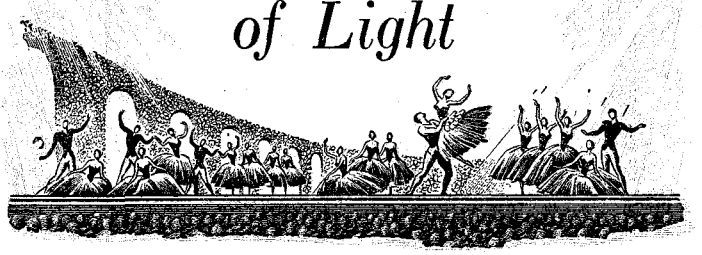
Mood Master of Light



by RONALD SCHILLER

A wizard of illumination is subtly changing our living, working, and buying habits

ABE FEDER'S worst experience occurred the day he was balancing himself atop a 40-foot ladder in Manhattan's St. Patrick's Cathedral, adjusting a chandelier, when a funeral procession unexpectedly came up the aisle. Unwilling to interrupt the solemn rites, he clung to his dizzy perch while the priest conducted the service with one eye on the altar and the other on the ominously swaying ladder.

When coffin and mourners left and Abe finally got down, the perturbed cleric addressed him in surprisingly unecclesiastical language, then confessed he had probably set a speed record in conducting Mass.

"After all," he said, "I didn't want two funerals on my hands!"

St. Patrick's is only one of the unusual jobs that stocky, jut-jawed Feder has undertaken during a strange career that has made him a foremost lighting designer. In the past five years he has "lit" such diverse things as bowling alleys, department stores, ballets, bathrooms, doughnut shops, art galleries, a menagerie, the world's biggest diamond, and the insides of a piano.

Light designing, one of America's newest professions, is quietly revolutionizing your living and buying habits, your moods, and the appearance of many of the familiar things around you—to say nothing of America's billion-dollar-a-year lighting industry itself.

Have you marveled at the new department stores that rise 12 stories without a single window above ground level? Have you noticed the new shop windows that open right into the store, with brilliant and shining interiors that create a mood of cheerfulness conducive to buying? Have you felt the subtle illumination in new theater lobbies and restaurants that seems to single

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you out as an object of special attention, or been surprised at the handsome image of yourself reflected back from mirrors in modern fitting rooms, barbershops and powder rooms?

Have you basked in the sunny light that fills the latest busses, subway trains, and factories, and read the ads that offer you a choice of "cool light" or "warm light" fluorescent tubes? All this is the work of Abe Feder and other lighting designers, and they have only just begun their adventures into the fascinating realm of light.

The profession is still so young that Feder has become its "grand old man" at 42. A dozen years ago, with only a few standard bulbs and fixtures to choose from, lighting was usually left to the discretion of electrical contractors. Since then, more than 7,000 varieties of fluorescent, slim-line, cold cathode, neon, and reflector bulbs have been put on the market, opening up tremendous possibilities.

Since this was too much for any contractor to cope with, highly trained lighting experts came onto the scene. Today, they are called into consultation before a line is drawn on a blueprint, and stay with the job until the ribbon is cut on opening day. Right now, they are plotting to invade your home and redesign it so radically that whatever you already have will look mid-Victorian by contrast.

Feder's dream home would be an indirectly illuminated paradise without lamps, chandeliers, or any other fixtures. Kitchens will be fluorescently lit like the food-preparing factories they are. There will be concealed tubes in all storage cabinets, just as there are now in iceboxes. Bathroom mirrors will look like those in theatrical dressing rooms. There will be a reading light set in tiles over the tub for those who like to read in the bath. The dining table will glow with light from a reflector bulb concealed in the ceiling.

Smaller reflector lamps, behind pinhole openings, will be strategically located in ceiling and walls (as electric outlets are now) to shed light on armchairs, tables, desks, decorations, and piano keyboards, and for reading in bed. Pictures will be illuminated from behind by specially curved frames. In the nursery, specially painted cribs, bureaus, and chairs will glow at night from "black light" sources without disturbing the sleeping children. Stairways, a common scene of accidents, will be lit from the sides. And the entrance hall will be a sort of visual "decompression chamber," where eyes can adapt themselves from blackness outside to the brightly lighted interior.

WHILE HOME "light conditioning" is still too expensive for any but particularly well-to-do clients, it is a practical necessity in commercial establishments where it has increased sales tremendously. To achieve this happy result, the experts usually follow three simple rules: create an atmosphere of gaiety and warmth where it becomes fun to spend money; flatter customers by making them feel young, important, beautiful; highlight the merchandise so that $5.98 dresses look like Paris originals.

A trip through a Feder-lit department store with its walls glowing

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like enormous backdrops, its islands of illumination, the highlighted merchandise, and customers moving through the reflection like actors, is very much like strolling across a busy stage. This is neither accidental nor unintentional, for Feder, like all other light designers, learned his craft in the theater where every lighting problem has long since been met and solved.

It was in a theater in Milwaukee that Feder, at the age of 12, began his love affair with light. The attraction was The Great Thurston, then at the height of his wizardry, but Abe, who had never been in a theater before, scarcely noticed him. He couldn't take his eyes off the lights. He has been dazzled by them ever since.

He spent most of his high-school career in the auditorium, lighting plays. From there he went to Carnegie Tech because it offered the best courses in illumination. When it had no more to teach him, he left for Broadway without bothering to take his degree.

His first theatrical success came in 1936, when he teamed up with Orson Welles to produce Christopher Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* for the Federal Theater Project. *Faustus* is difficult to stage, since it deals with dreams and magic, disembodied spirits, and quick changes. Its production had always been spoiled by trick sets, trap doors, and numerous scenery changes.

Feder and Welles decided to do it with no sets or scenery whatever, relying entirely on lights to achieve effects. Feder became a man obsessed, wrestling with his problems. For weeks, he practically lived in the theater. When *Dr. Faustus* finally reached the boards, Abe had a breakdown and went to the hospital —but he had achieved what was probably the greatest job of lighting ever produced.

Audiences sat spellbound by the illusion. The stage, devoid of sets or props, was never empty. It was dressed in pools, cones, and curtains of light. Adroit lighting made the characters appear and disappear as if by magic. In the wink of an eye, the audience was transported from Faustus' study to the halls of the Vatican, from a Greek temple to purgatory.

New York's hard-boiled critics referred to Abe as "The Genius of Light" and "The Houdini of the Switchboard." But after *Faustus*, young Feder's progress was not exactly triumphal.

Producers and directors did not always understand his advanced ideas. He was trigger-tempered and cocky—a far cry from the genial, friendly man he is today. It took the late George M. Cohan to bring him down to earth.

Hired to do the lighting for Cohan's famous musical, *I'd Rather Be Right*, Abe had installed what he considered a superb atmospheric lighting job. But the first time the great actor stepped onto the set, something obviously annoyed him.

He summoned the show's coauthor, Moss Hart, and pointed to Feder sitting in the back of the theater. Hart picked up the phone with which Abe communicated with his electricians and said, "Mr. Cohan wants a balcony spotlight to hit him when he enters."

"We don't use balcony spots anymore," said Feder. "It would spoil the effect. Mr. Cohan can be seen

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perfectly from any part of house."

Hart relayed Feder's message to Cohan, then picked up the phone again. "Mr. Cohan says that his father had a spotlight, his mother had a spotlight, his sister had a spotlight, and he wants a spotlight."

"Tell Mr. Cohan that his father also rode to the theater in a buggy," snapped Feder.

Hart picked up the phone once more and said softly: "Mr. Cohan says you're fired!"

To show there were no hard feelings, Hart insisted that Sergeant Feder do the lighting for *Winged Victory*, the great show he wrote for the Air Forces in 1943. Few who saw that spectacle will ever forget its lighting. But since his discharge from the Army, Feder has done little work in the theater.

"It's the most wonderful training possible for this profession," he says, "but how can you get excited about a 50-foot stage after you've lit a 50-story building?"

Although he has enough contracts to keep him and five assistants busy for the next two years, Feder is obsessed by the amount of work that still remains to be done. As always, it is the lighting in the American home that upsets him most. "Isn't it a paradox," he exclaims, "to leave the theater, where lighting makes ugly actresses beautiful, or a department store, where every article is lit to make it attractive, and then walk into our homes and turn on a lamp with a 25-watt bulb!"

Perhaps the greatest hope for the future, Feder believes, lies in the electronic experiments, now going on in laboratories, in which all electric lights and fixtures in a room are operated by radar beams, without wires, from an electronic grid concealed in the wall.

"When that is perfected," says Feder, his eyes shining like a couple of his own lighting effects, "we will not have to pipe light into a house as we pipe water. We will flip a switch and the air itself will glow around us. Then we will be able to create such a happy mood in the home that most of our family and marital discords should disappear."

Signs of the Times

In a New York bookstore: "Any Book Mailed Anywhere—Except to Boston." —PAUL STEINER

In the window of a Pittsburgh music store: "BeBop Spoken Here." —*Tide*

On an Indiana fish market: "If You Can't Make Both Ends Meat, Make One Fish." —*Hudson Newsletter*

On a Kentucky novelty store: "5- and 10-Cent Store—Prices $1 and up." —*Quote*

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AN EX-SERVICEMAN, carrying a chair, approached the proprietor of a secondhand store and asked how much it was worth.

"Three dollars," answered the storekeeper.

The young man looked surprised. "Isn't it worth more than that?"

"Three dollars is the limit, son," the older man repeated, shaking his head. "See that?" He pointed to a crack in the chair leg. "And look here where the paint is peeling."

"All right then," said the veteran, tugging at his wallet. "I saw this chair in front of your store marked $10, but I thought there was some mistake. For $3 I'll take it."

—*Sunshine Magazine*

THE ELEVATOR GIRL always had a question or two for everybody.

"Do you ever see strange sights?" she asked the window cleaner.

"Yes," replied the man with the buckets, belts, and sponges, "there's an office on the fourth floor where everyone's always working."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

EVERY CHAIR in the doctor's waiting room was taken. Some of the patients talked for a while and then silence fell. Finally one old man stood up wearily and remarked: "Well, I guess I'll just go home and die a natural death." —*Capper's Weekly*

THE YOUNG SPORT was driving his new convertible with unconcealed pride, paying more attention to the effect he was creating than to traffic. So he didn't see the truck stopped for a red light just ahead, and bumped into it. The truck driver jumped out, shouting, "What's the matter with you? You blind?"

"What do you mean blind?" retorted the nonchalant young man. "I hit you, didn't I?" —SALLY BROSSARD

ONE OF WALTER O'KEEFE'S favorite contestants on "Double or Nothing" was a young lady who said practically nothing during the air interview. O'Keefe decided to get rid of her by asking the grand-slam question: "How many gold bricks does the government have on deposit at Fort Knox?"

"Does that include the officers?" deadpanned the girl.

THE TEACHER in a Hollywood Sunday School, wishing to arouse the interest of her class, asked them to name their favorite hymns.

All wrote busily for a few minutes and handed in their slips of paper. All except Jane.

"Come, Jane," said the teacher, "write the name of your favorite hymn and bring me the paper."

Jane wrote and, with downcast eyes and flaming cheeks, handed the teacher her paper. It read: "Willie Smith." —IRVING HOFFMAN

A YOUNG MAN swung off the train at his home-town station and looked about eagerly, for he had been away ten years. But there

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Share It

were no familiar faces to greet him with a smile of welcome, and he was bitterly disappointed.

Then he caught sight of the baggageman whom he had known since boyhood. His face brightened and he hurried over to him.

"Why hello, Fred," said the baggageman casually. "Going away for a spell?" —HELEN ANDREW

"I KNOW THE KIND of man you're looking for," George complained to his dream boat, Millie. "If I were only rich you'd accept me fast enough."

Millie smiled slyly. "You know, George," she remarked, "that's the nicest compliment I have ever received. It's most flattering."

"You think it's flattering to be called a gold-digger?"

"Exactly," the girl replied. "All the other fellows tell me how beautiful, how graceful, how charming I am. But you're the first one to give me credit for having a little common sense."

THE AGED EX-CONVICT, now retired to respectability, was reminiscing about the good old days.

"I remember the first time I broke out of jail," he mused. "The little woman helped me—baked me a cake with a file in it. We hadn't been married very long at the time, and she wasn't a very good cook. But she went ahead and did the best she could."

He sat silent a moment, brows knitted, pondering deeply.

"You know, some of the details have grown hazy in my mind," he resumed, "and try as I will, I can't recollect them. For instance, I can't remember whether I ate the cake and sawed my way out with the file or ate the file and sawed my way out with the cake!" —*Wall St. Journal*

ANNOUNCEMENTS of the professor's new book and his wife's new baby appeared almost simultaneously. The professor, when he was congratulated by a friend upon "this proud event in your family," naturally thought of that achievement which had cost him the greater effort and modestly replied:

"Well, I couldn't have done it without the help of two graduate students." —J. R. ILDSTAD

THE CLERK IN a men's-wear store did a painstaking job of showing the mother of a teen-age lad the full range of young men's hats. The woman didn't seem too concerned about color or style, but as soon as the salesman got the fit just right she whooshed her son out the door with a "Thank you very much—we just wanted to check the size before ordering from the catalogue."

—*Maclean's*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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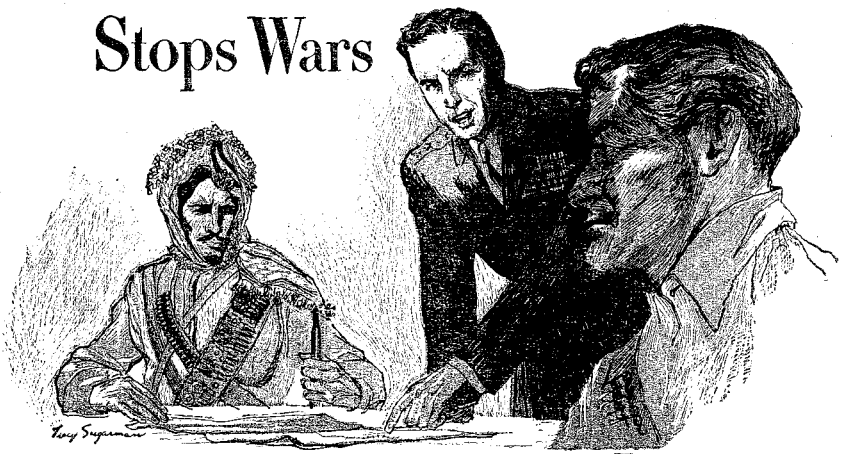
The Marine Who Stops Wars



by JOHN HOHENBERG

In the Middle East, hard-fighting Maj. Gen. William E. Riley is a symbol of peace

FIGHTING FLAMED again in Jerusalem as the fierce Arab Legion and a crack unit of the Israeli army clashed over a disputed area. Rifles, automatic weapons, and howitzers made an inferno out of the troubled City of Peace.

Telegraph wires crackled with news alarming the statesmen of the world. For the second time an officially declared truce had been violated. Would this be the spark to set off a second Palestine war?

While the diplomats worried, a tough, cigar-chewing U.S. marine raced toward the battle lines in a battered jeep. He was Maj. Gen. William E. Riley, on loan from the U.S. to the United Nations, serving as chief of the Palestine Truce Organization. His mission was to stop the fighting before it got out of hand—to stop it at once.

Bill Riley was unarmed. His only sign of authority was a blue-and-white UN flag. He had distinction aplenty—a chestful of medals for bravery in two World Wars. But this was a different type of fighting.

At disregard of personal safety, Riley drove across the lines of combat straight to the commanders, seeing each in turn. He ordered each to stop shooting. His prestige —probably his life—was at stake. But such was the power of his personality that he won.

The firing stopped. Then Arab and Israeli commanders reported to Riley's jeep. Each laid claim to the area; each blamed the other for precipitating the battle. As the tension increased, Riley exploded:

"Get your troops out of here, both of you! I'm taking over this territory, pending diplomatic negotiations."

As he ripped into them with good

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old-fashioned Marine phraseology, they realized he had removed their excuse for fighting, since no enemy would be in the disputed territory. Reluctantly they withdrew.

That is Riley ever since he went to the Holy Land three years ago—a marine who stops wars, a fighting Minnesota Irishman who is rapidly becoming the symbol of peace in the Middle East. He is beginning to cherish that reputation as much as his first-class fighting record.

On foot, by jeep, and in his little plane, Riley has rushed to more than 100 small and large battles, from the towering mountains north of Dan to the burning desert south of Beersheba. He has talked, argued, cajoled, threatened—and stopped all of them.

Actually, the only diplomatic weapon Riley can brandish is the threat to submit a report to the UN Security Council against the offending nation. As a weapon, it is neither sure nor dependable. Nor is there any certainty that Riley will always succeed. But, for the wars he already has averted, his name will be listed with the world's peacemakers.

How does he do it? Dr. Ralph Bunche, who won the Nobel peace prize in 1950, and who was Riley's boss in Palestine, describes the Riley technique thus:

"The General's methods are unorthodox and his language sometimes forceful and picturesque. He gives the impression of a mailed fist behind his stormy words. When Riley gets into a rage, the victim feels the world is about to fall on him. It's the power of his personality. So when he tells them to stop fighting, they stop.

"But he can soothe as well as rant. And both sides know they can depend on his impartiality and honesty. They trust their referee."

Peacemaking came unexpectedly to the square-jawed, 54-year-old marine. Riley began school in Minneapolis with the notion he might become a priest. He was attending St. Joseph's Academy in St. Paul in 1917 when, swept up by patriotic fervor, he left school to enlist in the Marine Corps.

Fighting in Belleau Wood, he was hit by shrapnel and could have gone to the rear. But he stayed with his men, held the front until relieved, and was decorated for heroism.

Recovering from his wound, he was soon back at the front. Then he was wounded again, received an oak-leaf cluster, and spent two and a half years in hospitals.

In 1922, in Des Moines, he met Miss Katherine Donahoe and fell in love. But Kady Donahoe was not easily persuaded. For six years, Bill lay siege to her heart, learning some of the art of peaceful negotiation. At last Kady said "yes."

They have two children, Bill, Jr., now 21, at college in St. Paul, and Katherine Elizabeth, now 17, a student in Geneva, Switzerland.

Between tours of duty in Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and Cuba, certain high-ranking officers at Ft. Benning, Ft. Leavenworth, and the Naval War College saw an intense, serious-minded student at their lectures. It was Riley, avidly absorbing the tactics of warfare.

In 1940, with a new World War on, Riley was assigned to serve as Fleet Marine officer under Admiral King, then in charge of the Atlantic Fleet. There he achieved the distinction of winning arguments from

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the hard-bitten Admiral. It was an omen of how he could combine bluster with tactfulness and get along with the toughest.

King took Riley to Washington after Pearl Harbor. Then, during the dramatic invasion of the Philippines, he joined General MacArthur as liaison officer.

American forces were pouring ashore and Halsey's fleet was covering the landing. Suddenly, scout planes reported a big Japanese fleet steaming south. Halsey had to decide quickly whether to keep his full force in support of the MacArthur landing, or divert some strength to meet the Japanese threat. He chose the latter course.

Riley carried Halsey's controversial decision to MacArthur. Some Army officers bitterly charged that the action imperiled the invading forces. Riley's defense that the Navy's job was to destroy the Jap fleet, as well as protect landings, was so sincere that MacArthur put his hand on his shoulder and said quietly: "Whether this action is right or wrong, I won't criticize Admiral Halsey because I know he is doing what he thinks is best to render service to my command."

WAR'S END FOUND Riley commander of the Third Marine Division and holder of the Distinguished Service Medal. His career seemed at its peak—but he was wrong. A new life was opening.

On August 1, 1948, Riley was informed that he was to command several score American land, air, and sea officers in Palestine. The Joint Chiefs of Staff then handed the Marine officer his commission to help stop wars in the Holy Land.

All Riley knew about Palestine was what he remembered from the Bible and his school days. Five days later found him in the Holy Land, detailed to work with Count Bernadotte, UN mediator, and the Count's deputy, Dr. Bunche. Riley learned fast.

On May 14, 1948, the British had evacuated Palestine, Israel had proclaimed itself an independent state, and a short but bloody war ensued with five Arab nations. The UN ended the fighting on June 11 with a truce. A month later, fighting broke out again; another truce was arranged. It was being broken almost every night.

When Riley arrived, Bernadotte sent him to Jerusalem to halt the shooting. For nearly a month, the marine labored to get the foes to talk to each other. At last, in September, he persuaded the Israeli and Jordanian commanders to meet him, and placed a map on the table in their hideout. While the Israeli and Jordanian commanders glared at each other, he drew a ragged line across it as snipers' rifles kept popping in the distance.

"This is it," he said crisply. "We can argue later. Let's have a truce at this line."

Tentatively they agreed, and Riley's optimism rose as negotiations progressed toward an armistice. Then Bernadotte asked Riley and Bunche to meet him in Jerusalem on September 17 at 3 P.M. A series of annoying incidents delayed the plane. Bunche and Riley landed at Kollandia Airport, inside Arab lines, at 4 o'clock—an hour late.

A sentry who did not have their names on his list refused to pass them at Mandelbaum Gate, sepa-

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rating the Israeli lines from No Man's Land. Riley, in Marine uniform, produced his UN observer's card and argued his way through. Bunche, with no card, was left behind, fuming.

Riley was stoned as he bustled up the hill to the massive Y.M.C.A. building in Jerusalem, where Count Bernadotte was to meet them. A strange premonition seized him. It was after 5 o'clock, two hours late. The marine noticed crowds as he approached the "Y." He also saw a body being taken from a car and borne to the building.

Noticing Dov Joseph, the Israeli military governor, Riley demanded: "What's up?"

"Count Bernadotte has been assassinated."

Riley was stunned. He realized that if the plane had arrived on time, he and Bunche might also have been killed.

"Better send someone to Mandelbaum Gate at once," Riley told Joseph. "Dr. Bunche is waiting there, and if they get him too—it'll go hard on everyone." Soon Bunche was alongside him.

MEANTIME, SOMEONE on Bernadotte's staff had issued panicky orders for removal of the entire UN peace force from Jerusalem. Bunche and Riley knew this would mean disaster—the collapse of peace, abandonment of the city by the UN, and possibly the destruction of Jerusalem.

Riley kept saying to Bunche: "Take over, take over!" As the official next-in-line to Bernadotte, Bunche took charge.

First he canceled orders to evacuate. Next he named Riley chief of staff of the UN military detachment and together they whipped the truce organization into shape for emergencies. But soon a new danger developed.

Bunche called Riley. "General," he said, "I want you to raise the UN flag over Government House."

An observer has thus described the scene: "The Israelis had the New City of Jerusalem, and the Arab Legion had the Old City. The Egyptian lines were to the south. And the Red Cross, which had kept Government House neutral, was pulling out.

"While we're waiting for hell to break loose, out walks Riley, calm as you please, acting as if he were the general of a great invading army. He orders the UN flag run up alongside the Red Cross flag, and everybody hurries to obey him.

"His mastery of command is something to remember. Two days later, when the Red Cross hauls down its flag, he is there to see that the UN flag stays. No one dares to move. It was the biggest kind of a bluff, but it worked. Singlehanded, Riley took Government House away from three armies!"

In 1949, the hard-boiled Riley helped conduct the Syrian-Israeli talks. This was how he played his difficult part:

At the beginning of negotiations, the Syrians refused to sit at the same table with the Israelis. They even demanded that tents for the respective sides should be set a distance apart, with the UN mediators running messages between. But Riley had no notion of playing errand boy to either side.

"To hell with that!" he barked. "You guys will do as I say. Let's

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start talking right now!" Which they did, with the result that the armistice was concluded and Riley was publicly hailed by Bunche, then still acting mediator.

Riley has been in charge of the peace mission since he took over from Bunche in 1949, at the joint request of the UN Security Council, the Israelis, and the Arabs. Even when he went to New York for hospital treatment he continued to work for peace. When fighting broke out in Jerusalem again early this year, he wrote a proposed settlement from his hospital bed. His staff got both sides to accept it.

"This proposal is General Riley's," they informed the contending officers, and pointed to his handwriting as proof.

When Riley talks about Bunche and the Nobel peace prize awarded to his former superior, his face lights up. "There," he says, "is a great man, and a true friend." And Ralph Bunche feels the same about the tough Marine.

Neither will ever forget the scene in Truce Headquarters on the Isle of Rhodes when the first armistice agreement, between Israel and Egypt, was signed. Riley turned to Bunche and said:

"This is the finest day of my life. I've never before engaged in work so vital as this. Here we are, making peace instead of war."

That was the warrior talking—the warrior who as a child wanted to be a priest. There were tears in his eyes that day. He had learned the answer to the question, "What Price Glory?" Long after he lays down his UN assignment, he will tell it this way: "The answer is peace, and you preserve it only by giving it everything you've got!"

My Favorite Story

(Maj. Gen. A. C. McAuliffe)

WHEN I RETURNED to the United States after World War II, I found that my contribution to four campaigns had been boiled down to one dreg—my "nuts" reply to the German demand that I surrender the 101st Airborne Division at Bastogne.

Wherever I went and was recognized, the word "nuts" was whispered or shouted. I couldn't talk with anyone two minutes without being questioned about the "nuts" reply. *McAuliffe* and *nuts* became synonymous. Soon I began to hate the lowly word with a passion.

Near Camp Mackall, N. C., where I took command of the Airborne Center, I had dinner one evening with a dear old Southern lady, her children, and her grandchildren. I waited and waited, but the word "nuts" never entered the conversation!

In the living room afterward, I was prepared for the inevitable. But the detested word wasn't even hinted! I knew it would pop up when I started to leave. But it didn't even then!

On the front porch I bade good night to my considerate, understanding friends and thanked my hostess for a delightful evening. That charming old lady of the South thanked me for coming, nodded graciously, and said:

"Good night, General McNutt."

—BART HODGES, *Life's Little Dramas*

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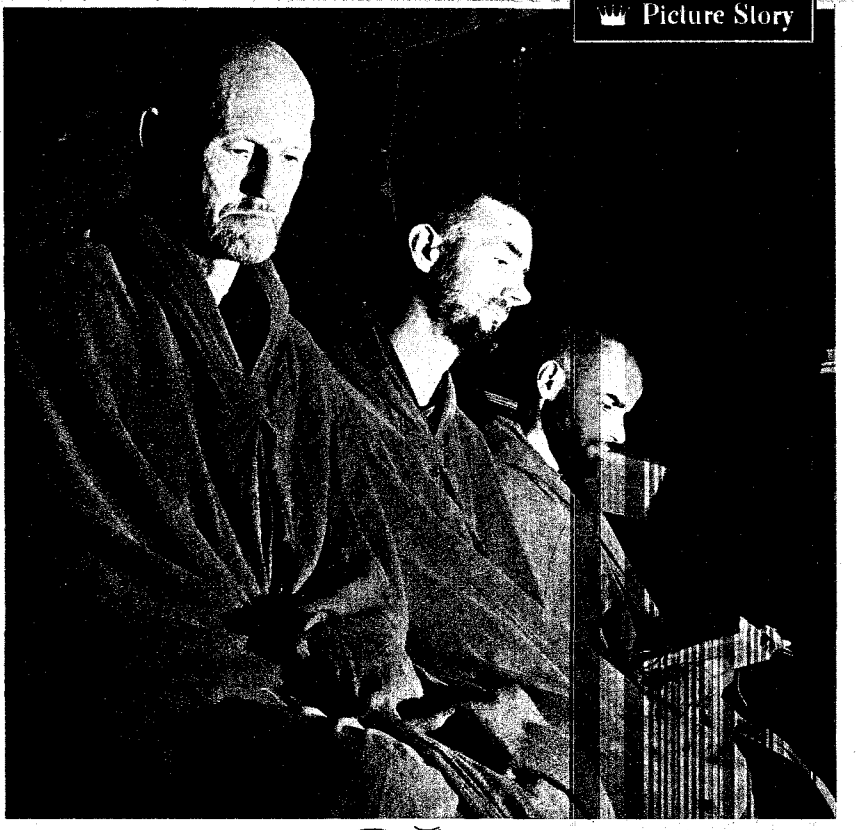

Silent Sanctuary

Photographs by JACK MANNING and HOWARD SOCHUREK

THE FIRST thing you notice upon entering a Trappist monastery is the all-pervading silence. You see men together at work and at prayer, and you wait for the sound of their voices. But it never comes, for silence is the shroud these men wear, the better to concentrate on God.

For almost 300 years, Trappists have sought to serve mankind throughout the world by prayer, for they believe that through their austere life of self-sacrifice they bring mankind closer to divine salvation.

From all stations of life, from all countries of the world, they have come, these men, to find solace within monastic walls. They discover the first hint of their new life in the Latin greeting which hangs

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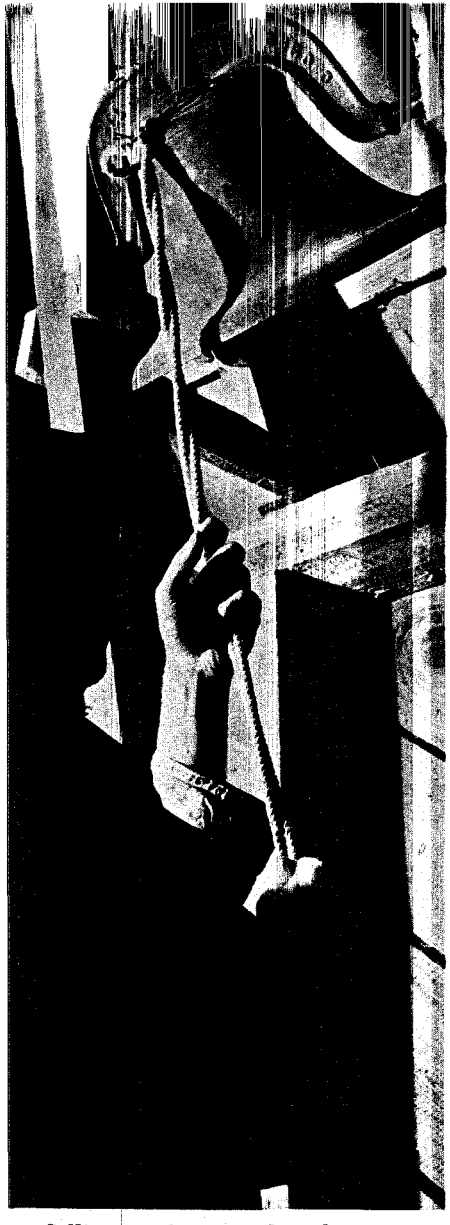

Calling monks to work and prayer, to sleep and study, the somber church bell tolls across the silent Trappist fields.

over the monastery door: *Pax Intrantibus* (Peace be to those who enter).

Inscribed on a wall in the room in which they meet their brother monks for the first time is this stern admonition: "If you desire to enter here, leave your body at the door; here is space only for your soul."

Trappists are spiritual descendants of the early Christian monks who followed St. Benedict into the mountains in the sixth century. Two reformations in the past thousand years have enabled the monks to retain the religious fervor that established their present strength. Officially, Trappists are called the Order of Cistercians of the Strict Observance. They take their popular name from the Abbey of La Trappe in France, where they were reorganized in 1664.

Since the emigration of French Trappists to America a century ago, the Order has won rich harvests here, both from the soil and among the hearts of men who seek sanctuaries of peace and contentment. Americans have become successful monks under the direction of older men, who devoutly believe that rigorous austerity brings out the best in human character.

Before an applicant is accepted by the Order, he must prove that his reputation is without blemish. Until his references are questioned and his sincerity determined, the postulant remains outside the abbey walls. When at last he is approved, the newcomer is ushered into the chapter room where all the monks of the community gather to greet him as their new brother.

Stripped of worldly possessions, he discards his secular clothes and dons the brown robe of a Trappist

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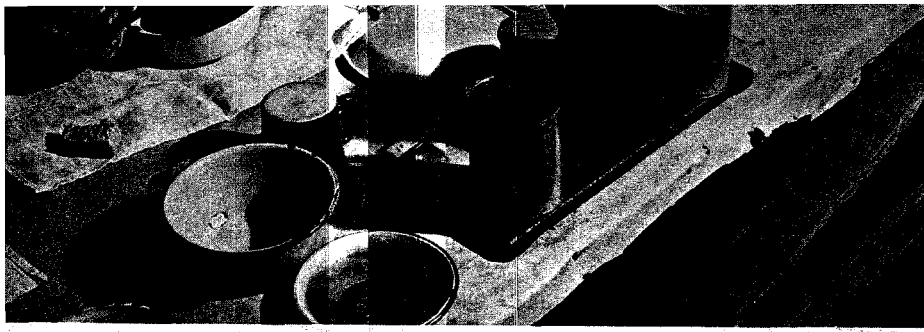

Abstaining from meat, fish, and eggs, except in cases of illness, the monks eat light meals of food grown on the farms they maintain. During meals, one of the monks reads religious books to his brothers, who meditate on his words.

novice. One by one, the monks approach to welcome him with the "*Pax*," fraternal kiss of peace. Then, in a silent procession, the newcomer follows his brothers from the chapter room into the strange world beyond the gray enclosure.

It is a world where days begin at 2 A.M. with four hours of prayer. From then until retirement soon after sunset, each moment is scheduled. In the chapel, the classroom, the workshop, or the fields, the monks dedicate each act and thought to their own purification and to the service of God.

As long as a man remains in the monastery, he must manifest his

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The Brother Chef prepares all the meals, composed mostly of vegetable stews, soups, beverage, and plain bread.

Each Trappist sleeps in a small individual cell, austerely furnished with crude furniture and a simple crucifix.

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Riding the broad range of a Trappist monastery means roundup time and the sale to market of prize-winning beef.

Few monks were farmers before entering the monastery, yet Trappists have added much to progressive agriculture.

Depending mainly on the sale of dairy produce for their community income, these monks keep large herds of cows.

worthiness to wear the Trappist robe. Twice during his first five years, his brothers vote to decide whether he shall stay or go. And at any time, the monk is subject to dismissal if his conduct falls short of what is expected of him.

As a monk, the newcomer takes vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience; as a Trappist, he takes the additional vows of stability—to remain for the rest of his life in the monastery; and also a vow to perfect himself. In his seeking for spiritual perfection, he admits his faults daily before his brothers, in the hope that through their actions and prayers he will find the strength to rise above any worldly weakness.

All monks, including the abbot, must work in the fields every day. Together, they share their meals at

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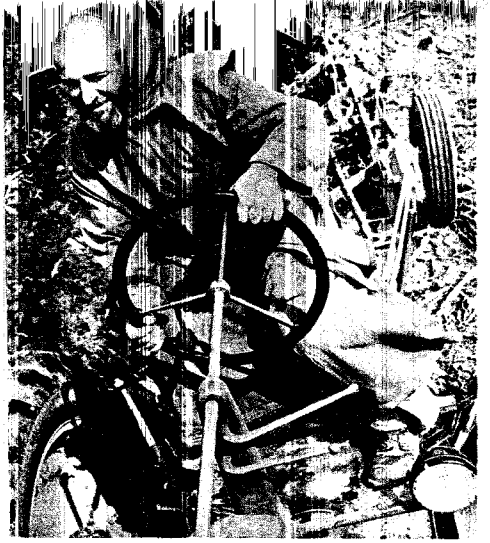

The community farms are modern and well-equipped. Working in the fields is an important part of the monastic life.

Each Trappist has his regular farm chores. The monks in charge of sales are allowed to speak to the merchants.

tables of bare boards, partaking of simple food grown for the most part on their own farms.

Each week, two men are assigned to serve the food, and after the Saturday evening meal, the waiters kneel at the refectory door to bathe their brothers' feet as they depart. On Holy Thursday, the abbot of the monastery and the Father Superior wash the feet of the entire community in commemoration of Christ's similar act with the Apostles on the day of the Last Supper. Through these humble gestures, the Trappists meet on common ground; through the humility, they seek the purification of themselves.

The rule of silence is a penance the monks impose on themselves as mortification for their sins and the sins of the world. However, because

Trappists spend approximately five hours a day at work. The Order has farmed the world over for 300 years.

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Though monks in charge of work details may speak instructions, they often prefer to use their own sign language.

Adhering to the policy of self-maintenance, one of the brothers makes and repairs the shoes worn by the monks.

of their work, several men in each monastery are allowed to converse with guests and merchants. The abbot, frequently in contact with the outside world, is exempt from silence, and any monks who wish to discuss their spiritual problems with him may do so. But among themselves, the men have only a sign language, so simple in its expressions that it allows merely the most basic communication.

Trappists receive no visitors, and the rare letters that arrive for them may be answered only with the abbot's permission. As he becomes more deeply enshrouded by the cloistered life of the Order, a monk ceases to desire contact with his family and friends, and remembers them only in his prayers.

Austerity dominates every moment of the Trappist's life. In his poverty, he claims nothing as his own, and even the coarse robe he wears is looked upon as property of the Order. It is the major item in his wardrobe, and in it he works, studies, sleeps, and finally is buried.

The hard bed to which the Trappist retires each night is a simple affair of wood, symbolic of the Cross on which Christ died. Its thin, straw mattress is a constant reminder to the monk of the Manger where Christ was born.

The dormitory is a large, unheated room, divided into private cells. Into his cubicle the Trappist monk goes each night, dropping a curtain behind him. On the wall is a crucifix and perhaps a small religious painting. Removing only his heavy shoes, he climbs onto his hard

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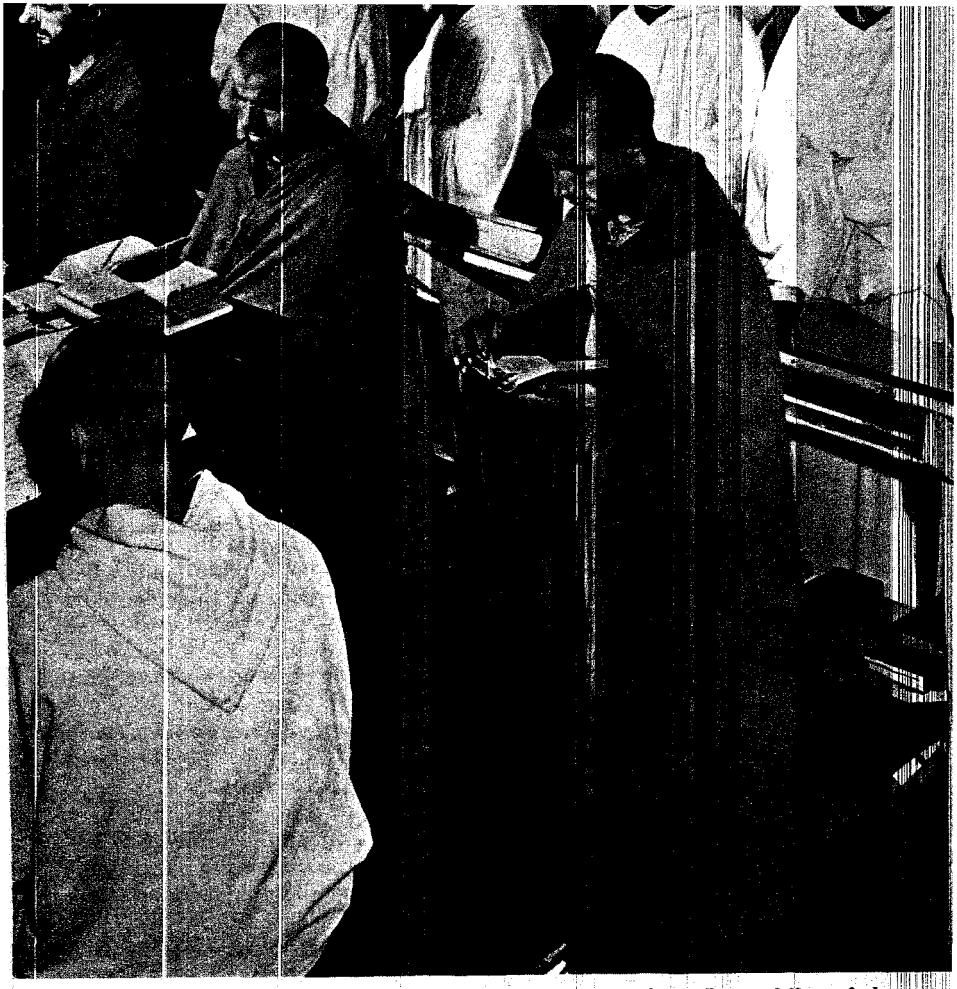

The Trappist's day begins with the predawn recitation of the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. Trappists have a special devotion to the Virgin Mary. On taking vows, a monk discards his own name, assumes "Mary" and also the name of a saint.

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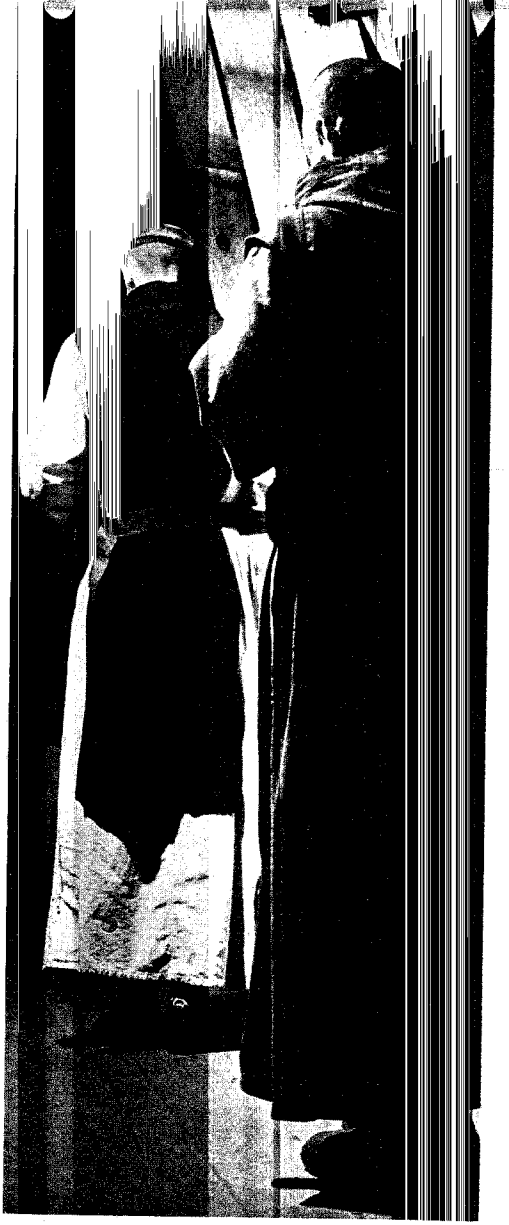

Awaking at 2 A.M., the monks file from the dormitory to the dark chapel for four hours of meditation and prayer.

bed and falls asleep with fervent prayers on his silent lips.

Thus, through customs a thousand years old, the modern Trappist links himself with his brothers who lived centuries before him. Yet, the monk does not seek confirmation of his way of life through this union with antiquity: he merely believes that self-sacrifice remains the guidepost to salvation.

Despite the monastery's medieval atmosphere, Trappists have modern farm equipment. All harvests not used by the community are sold. Each day, eggs and milk are shipped to near-by cities, and honey is prepared for market. And just as the Benedictine monks are renowned for their liqueur, Trappists are famous for their cheese.

Part of the Trappist income is derived from the voluntary contributions of groups of laymen who spend week ends of spiritual reflection at the six American monasteries, located in Kentucky, Rhode Island, Iowa, Georgia, Utah, and New Mexico. In the rare moments when monks are free from their ordinary duties, they have produced other means of revenue. One monk developed an insecticide to kill animal pests. Others make religious articles to sell to visitors. The inspiring books of Thomas Merton, the Kentucky Trappist who wrote *Seven Storey Mountain*, have become best sellers.

Still, with many monks, the few moments they have for recreation are welcomed as relaxation from the long hours of intense prayer. In silence, they spend brief periods over a stamp collection, or in a garden with young plants, or studying the stars with a telescope. In the brotherhood of being together—even

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Each Trappist abbey is autonomous, under the direction of an abbot elected from the ranks and rarely transferred. Abbots, who have the authority of bishops, elect the Abbot General of the Order, who, residing in Rome, holds his office for life.

without speaking—is the only earthly pleasure the monks require.

Ordinarily, priest and brothers remain all their lives in the religious order where they took their first vows. However, they are allowed to change to other orders later only if the rules of the second order are stricter than the first. Thus, among the Trappists are men who transferred from less contemplative orders because they felt a desire to sacrifice themselves more completely to God through the wordless, austere life behind the tall, gray walls of the silent monasteries.

Trappists believe that Man's only true desolation is in the heart closed to God. Despite the austerity of their lives, the monks discover a strange happiness in their complete dedication to the Creator. To them, there is no greater service to humanity than prayer, and no greater joy than to praise God. Thus, the Trappists feast themselves on prayer, and to this their whole lives are devoted. Their years spent within the gray monastic cloisters are, to them, a total obedience to Christ's command at Gethsemane to "watch and pray."

Striving for spiritual perfection, the monks extend their efforts into all they do. Visitors are impressed by the masterful care given to the

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Monks aspiring to the priesthood spend five hours each day at studies. Trappist students are ordained by the bishop of the diocese of their community, and they will most likely never be called upon to say Mass outside their own monastery chapel.

fruitful fields, the huge, spotless barns, the prize-worthy stock and fowl. Each building, however austere, each acre, however arid, reflects the Trappist determination that all things should be useful to the greater service of God, and made perfect to the greater honor of Him.

Yet all such achievements are, to the monks, merely things of the moment. Of much greater importance and constantly on their minds is the small cemetery in a corner of the sober fields, since each member of the Order believes that not until he is placed there will he know full happiness and peace.

As death comes to a Trappist, his brothers gather around to pray with him in his last moments. Outside, men dig the new grave, knowing full well that, some day, a last resting place shall be prepared for them. Later, in the chapel, the body lies on a plain board during the Requiem Mass. Then, uncoffined, he is lowered into his grave, and a simple iron cross is placed over his head. Those who live on effuse a silent joy in the conviction that another monk has attained the ultimate goal of Trappist life.

Among the 500 monks in American Trappist monasteries are more than 100 veterans of World War II. Many of them applied for admission from the fields of combat, while others, returning home, felt a sudden loss of purpose and went to the cloisters to seek a new meaning in life. There, in silence and poverty, in labor and prayer, they find the peace of heart which is given to those who deny themselves for God.

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The Trappist recognizes fervent prayer as the strongest weapon for his salvation. Though the monks spend several hours each day at divine services, often they visit the chapel for a short, silent prayer—away from their ordinary monastic duties.

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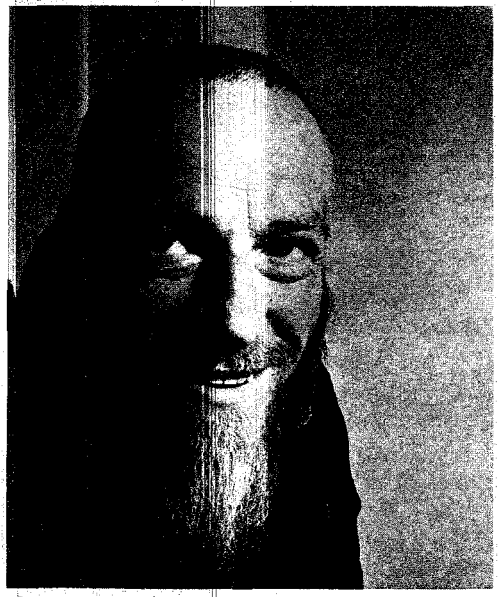
According to the Trappist rule, all monks have their hair clipped. Choir monks shave; lay brothers grow beards.

For many years, Trappists in America were transferred from European monasteries. The U. S. had few young monks.



Silence and austerity do not shadow the wordless merriment of the monks who live in peace with God and Man.

After World War II, veterans joined the Trappists in large numbers, raising the membership to an all-time high.

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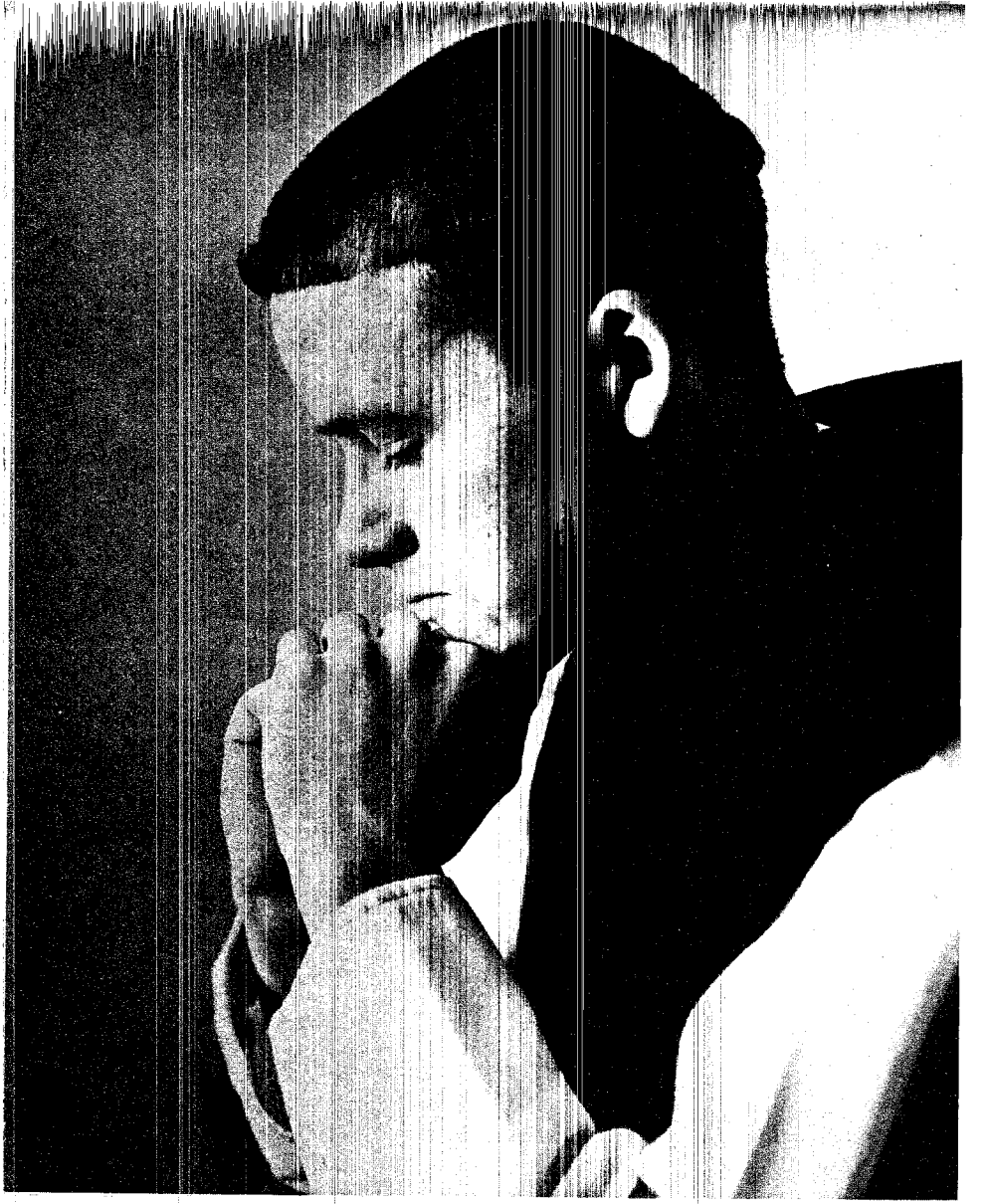

Upon taking his temporary vows, the Trappist wears a monk's crown, a narrow halo of hair made by putting a strip of cloth around the head during haircuts. Temporary vows usually last from three to five years. Final monastic vows are lifelong.

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Like reapers of souls, the monks move in silence to their work, their minds concerned only with the immortal. The routine of Trappist life, so like an unreal remnant of the Middle Ages, is a stark and silent reminder of the inevitable: death and the life that follows after it, God and His rewards to those men of the world who, willingly and gladly, give up all else to follow Him.

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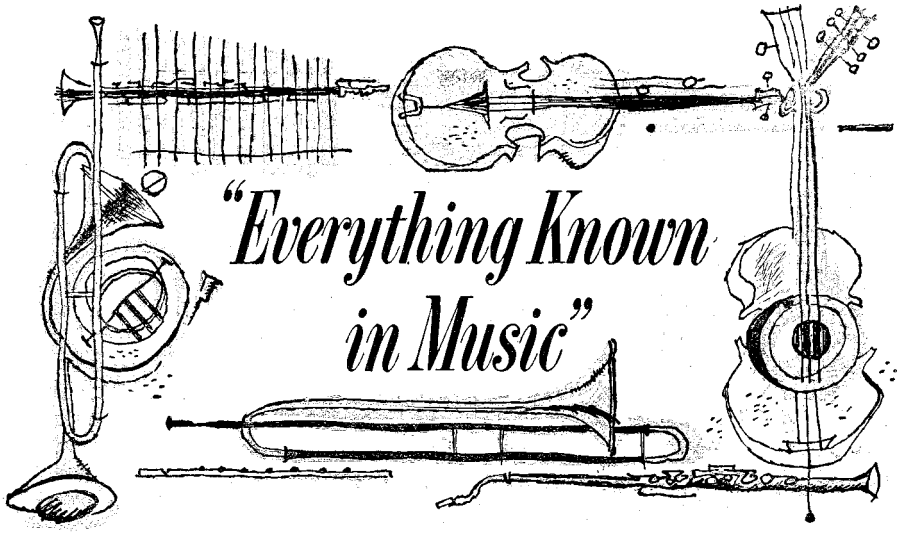

"Everything Known in Music"

by BURT ZOLLO

No matter how bizarre the test, Lyon & Healy has always lived up to its slogan

A YOUNG FATHER recently flew his son and three teen-aged friends from their homes in Birmingham, Alabama, to Chicago, to obtain four chromatic harmonicas for the boys' newly formed jazz quartet. When asked why it was necessary to make such a long and hurried trip, the father replied:

"The boys needed the right instruments for an important audition, so I decided to go straight to Chicago. When it comes to anything to do with music, you can always count on Lyon & Healy."

Vladimir Horowitz, famous concert pianist, would agree with the flying father from Alabama. Not long ago, the virtuoso was scheduled to play in Winnipeg, Canada. When he arrived at the concert hall the day before, he was not satisfied that his piano was in top playing condition. Immediately he telephoned Lyon & Healy and asked that George Sassetti, veteran tuner, be rushed to Winnipeg.

The firm speedily obliged. And next day Horowitz and his Canadian audience were benefited by the resourcefulness of the famous 87-year-old company which has consistently lived up to its slogan, "Everything Known in Music."

To achieve this, Lyon & Healy, with headquarters in Chicago and 11 retail stores in other cities, has become one of the world's most complete merchandisers of musical material. In one recent month, the company equipped the bands of the Universities of Indiana, Iowa, and Wisconsin; sent harps to symphony orchestras in Norway and Denmark; distributed television sets, radios, phonographs, pianos, and organs

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all over the U. S.; and sold tons of such items as sheet music, records, and needles.

Although most orders are for ordinary instruments and accessories, the firm is always prepared to meet bizarre requests. One such came from a young man who recently returned from abroad. Approaching a salesman in the band-instrument department, he said: "I may be expecting too much, but I wonder if there's any chance of your getting me a bagpipe."

"Any particular type?" the well-trained salesman inquired, and promptly produced a genuine Scottish bagpipe.

After inspecting the instrument, the impressed customer exclaimed: "What a hit this will make! Now, if I could only play it . . ."

Once more the music house was equal to the situation. For, as part of its service setup—whose functions range from repairing radios to giving free concerts—the company provides instruction in every instrument. In their Chicago store, the "laboratory" for teaching techniques, some 200 beginners, from seven to 17, take class lessons on various instruments. A teacher was found for the would-be bagpiper, and before long he had mastered his tricky instrument.

WORKING WITH the American Music Conference, the company seeks to foster the appreciation of music among school children, and to encourage more musical activity in homes, churches, and industry. One gifted young musician who is grateful for their cooperation is Elaine Donnenberg, an attractive 14-year-old girl. Elaine was scheduled to give her first concert in Chicago's Orchestra Hall. A few days before her appearance, she called on Otto Leppert, curator of Lyon & Healy's $300,000 violin collection.

Shyly the girl said: "I'm going to give a concert and I've been told that sometimes you loan one of your rare violins."

The tall, mustachioed Leppert escorted her to a cloistered room which houses the collection. From a large vault he drew a handsome instrument.

"Please play it for me," he said.

Tenderly the girl took the violin and lifted it to her shoulder. As soon as she heard the instrument's vibrant tones, she lost her shyness. Her body moved with the rhythm of the music.

"I never knew there was such a violin," she said. "It must be a Stradivarius."

"Yes," said Leppert. "It's the Stradivarius which Queen Victoria presented to the Duke of Edinburgh. And now, I'm lending it to you for your concert."

Besides lending violins to promising students, the company has undertaken musical sleuthing assignments that would have tested the ingenuity of Sherlock Holmes. One of the most remarkable requests came from a private collector in Wisconsin who wanted to obtain a "Quintet of the Masters"—five different string masterpieces, each created by a different craftsman.

The company began a world-wide search which took ten years of careful detective work. But the instruments, when assembled, comprised a true "Quintet of the Masters." The youngest instrument was 177 years old, while the oldest, the

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"King Henry IV" violin, was an Amati made in 1595.

Even the most mundane part of Lyon & Healy's service setup, the repair and installation department, has performed the unusual. A few months ago, a customer said he would purchase an expensive radio-phonograph console for his Wyoming mountain home on condition that the firm would take care of installation and guarantee reception.

Promptly, Chicago dispatched a serviceman to Wyoming, where he strung 2,000 feet of wire for the amazed but satisfied customer.

"It really wasn't so unusual," says Evan Klock, advertising director. "We go to any lengths to please our customers. In fact, that's one of the reasons why we started to manufacture harps."

This unique branch of the organization began in 1872, when Patrick Healy, cofounder of the company, found his repair shops filled with defective harps.

"Let us build a harp," he said, "that will go 'round the world without loosening a screw."

Artisans were assembled; a workshop was built. And, after much experimentation, a new American harp was created, sturdy in structure and true in tone. Although this first instrument cost $40,000, it proved its worth.

Today each instrument, which contains 2,000 parts and eight different kinds of wood, is one year in the making. Construction is primarily a meticulous hand-operation performed by specialists, many of whom have been trained by the company since youth. And each instrument they produce is as long-lasting as the first Lyon & Healy harp, which is still being played by the high-school students of Morgan Park, Illinois.

Providing the best in musical wares was always a principal aim of the two Bostonians who started the company in 1864, in the muddy town known as Chicago. Supported by Oliver Ditson, head of a Boston music-publishing firm, Healy and his fellow-clerk, George Washburn Lyon, erected a boxlike music shop in the ramshackle business section.

At first, the two young men sold only sheet music and books. But Healy soon decided that Chicago could be made music-conscious, and so, with proper fanfare, the partners added musical instruments, principally cabinet organs, to their stock. With luck, they hoped to build a $100,000 business in ten years. But their showmanship, their reputation for quick personal service, and their varied stock brought them to this goal at the end of their first year.

After four more years of prosperity, they moved to larger quarters. But then began a series of unfortunate events. In 1870, fire ravaged their new store. Undaunted, the two men leased another store and started anew. Their courage paid off, for soon they became sole representatives in the territory for Steinway's celebrated pianofortes.

Then again disaster struck—this time the great Chicago fire of 1871. While scores of established firms were permanently ruined by the catastrophe, the two optimistic Bostonians stood by their adopted Chicago and set up temporary headquarters in a church.

After the debris of disaster was cleared away, Lyon & Healy reestablished themselves in the thriv-

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ing center of the reconstructed city. As their business enlarged, so did their ideas, and soon the company expanded, opening stores throughout the nation.

Today, Augustine Healy, a son of the founder, still retains an active interest in the concern. Louis G. La Mair, a veteran with the company, is president. Like the other executives, he has not forgotten the traditions of the founders, including their loyalty to Chicago.

To dramatize the variety of music, the company last year held a local open-house celebration in connection with National Music Week. Designed to please every taste, the week-long production featured opera stars as well as jazz performers. Kindergarten rhythm bands, high-school choruses, and student players entertained thousands of visitors who came to the Chicago store.

More recently, the company again affirmed its loyalty to Chicago when the city opened a canteen for servicemen on Michigan Boulevard. La Mair was asked if he would send over two used pianos for the center.

"It would be a pleasure to cooperate," he replied, "but I'm afraid two used pianos would be out of the question. You see, we've already sent over two *new* ones."

Salesmanship

IN A LITTLE Western town, there is a drugstore which is becoming famous all over our country. It was opened on a shoestring by a young man and his wife just before the depression of the '30s. The town was a small one with a population of only 700, and their customers were few. The young couple did what they could to make ends meet; to cut expenses they moved into a room behind the store.

Their town was on a major highway, and even during the worst of the depression tourist traffic was heavy. The problem was to get these people to stop at the store. Suddenly, like toast popping out of a toaster, the wife had an idea. The very next day they put up signs on the highway which read simply: FREE ICE WATER AT THE DRUGSTORE IN THE NEXT TOWN.

Now druggists everywhere in the United States had been giving away ice water for years, but none of them ever thought of advertising the fact. To tourists, this sign provided first a hearty laugh and then a welcome invitation.

The idea worked like a charm, and today this couple is dispensing ice water at the rate of more than 5,000 glasses each day. During the tourist season they have 28 employees to help them. Their signs are all over the map. People who have seen them often drive miles out of their way to visit the drugstore that advertises its "free ice water." Of course, most of the people who come in for a drink also make a purchase while in the store. As a result, the couple do what they consider a "whopping" business.

—NORMAN VINCENT PEALE (*How to Tap Your Personal Power*)

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Girls Who Find FREEDOM in Jail

by ANN FIELDS

Unique among prisons, Clinton Farms is not bothered with the problem of runaways

"JULIA, WAIT for me—I'm going to English class."

The speaker, a girl of about 17, wore bobby socks, a print dress, and lipstick. She tripped happily down the steps of what looked like a college dormitory. Other girls sat chatting on the well-kept lawns, or strolled along the paved road toward a beautiful white chapel.

The place looked like a fashionable women's college, the girls like students. Actually, however, it is a prison—Clinton Farms State Reformatory for Women in Clinton, New Jersey—which is operated on the theory that rehabilitation is the chief function of a correctional institution.

Considered one of the most enlightened in the U. S. by penal authorities, Clinton Farms has no bars, no walls, no guards, no locks. Thirty-eight years ago the founders of this unique prison, housing between 400 and 500 women on its 346 acres of rolling grassy hills, refused to permit a wall, or even a fence, believing that a physical barrier could also be an emotional barrier to adjustment. Today, Clinton has a phenomenally low record of "runaways."

The Farms has long since proved the worth of its theory. To Clinton are sent women of any age over 16, for all types of crime from petty larceny to murder. But once inside, each becomes just another "girl."

Superintendent Edna Mahan says: "The offense is no indication of what our problem may be. As a matter of fact, we have less trouble with the homicides than with the fly-by-night offenders. No one is a big shot here."

Clinton makes it easy for a girl to forget what brought her there, if she has any desire for rehabilitation. Built on the cottage plan, it does its best to simulate home life, each cottage having a large living room with fireplace, a kitchen, and a dining room, besides baths and bedrooms.

The prison consists of six of these cottages, plus a hospital, an administration and vocational building, a large chapel, and the farm buildings. Located just off William Penn Highway about halfway between Somerville and Easton, it is one of the most attractive institutions in the country.

Life, however, is no sleigh ride at Clinton Farms. Every girl must put in eight hours a day of intensive work, for it is believed that

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such routine is a large factor in her rehabilitation.

By allowing the girls freedom of choice in student government, work programs (insofar as is practicable), and recreation, Clinton gives them practice in exercising judgment, teaches them the difference between freedom and lawlessness, and nearly always convinces them that normal living can be more satisfying than delinquency.

ANOTHER FACET of life that makes the prison different from most female institutions is the infant population, which numbers from 30 to 90 babies, born to inmates after incarceration. Since a baby is allowed to stay until it is two years old (if the mother wishes to keep it), Miss Mahan must run a nursery as well as a correctional institution.

The babies are born in the modern hospital, where they may remain until old enough to share a cottage set aside for mothers. This is done in the hope that the mother may be able to make arrangements to keep her baby and take it with her into the outside world. If the mother has a family that will care for the infant soon after birth, Clinton arranges for transferral.

From the moment a girl is admitted, the Clinton Committee, which includes the superintendent, the psychiatrist, the cottage supervisors, resident woman physician, parole officer, chaplain, and work supervisors, aids in planning her future. Even though she has some particular training or skill, she is given aptitude tests. Then she may attend the prison's grammar or high school, or learn useful skills in its laundry and cleaning plant, sewing room, or on the prison farm.

A complete beauty course is offered under a top instructor. There is also opportunity to learn clerical and secretarial work. Girl attendants in the hospital may learn practical nursing, baby care, or dental-assistant work; and there is an art class, a glee club, a music appreciation course, drama club, dancing class, and outdoor activities.

The directors of Clinton do not wish the girls to feel they are unfit to mingle with the outside world, and hence encourage as much contact as possible. Visitors are permitted every day, with a written request required only on Sunday, and the public is invited to glee-club concerts, the Christmas play, and the annual summer circus.

All this is Clinton's way of saying: "This is the world you are going back to. So learn to live in it, not fear it—and don't forget you have that second chance."

Clinton is run on one of the most highly developed honor systems in the country, the girls governing and disciplining themselves almost entirely. The system is directed toward early parole.

A girl does not achieve honor-roll status until she is elected to it by the other girls in her cottage. Inducements to make the roll as soon as possible include the privilege of wearing an attractive print dress of her own choice, of using cosmetics and wearing jewelry; permission to cross the grounds without escort, visit the beauty parlor, secure a one-day parole to go out into the community and work for money. Honor-roll members are in sharp contrast to the probationers, who wear drab dresses, have their letter

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writing restricted, and the number of their visitors limited.

Once a girl is in the honor group, to be expelled is catastrophe—for she not only loses all personal privileges, but takes away benefits from the other girls in her cottage. When a noted murderess escaped, only to be brought back, she found out what it was like to be in the doghouse at Clinton. Instead of admiring her feat, the rest of the girls ostracized her for "pulling a dirty trick" on them.

The girls generally discuss their life at Clinton openly and freely. One girl said: "I've spent time in other prisons, and they were rotten, but here there is always something to look forward to, something to work for—and you just can't run away from a place where everybody trusts you."

Another, who had escaped from three reformatories, put it this way: "They couldn't keep me in this place if it had bars and walls. But I'd sure feel like a fool just walking off down the road."

One of the "about average" cases at Clinton was an 18-year-old girl who, upon becoming pregnant, had been put out of the home by her poverty-stricken parents. Without education or training, the girl took to picking pockets and finally landed in Clinton. Starved for affection, which she had never known in her home, she was not a "good prisoner." The thought of the coming baby appalled her.

The Clinton Committee set out to correct some of the evils that had made her life a nightmare. First, her baby was born in the quiet security of the hospital, and baptized at the chapel. The psychologist, the cottage matron, the superintendent, and the welfare worker then set out to teach the girl love and affection for her child, and a method of earning a living for the two of them. In the cottage where the mothers and babies live, she was taught to bathe, dress, and feed her child.

But the girl was not quite ready to reform. When they assigned her to housework, she seemingly was a quiet little girl doing her job. Secretly, however, she was sticking hairpins in electric-light plugs and revealing in other ways her resentment against the world.

Her cottage matron suggested that since she was now showing a desire to keep her baby, she might do better in nursery work. The Committee agreed, and the girl started her training in baby-care and hygiene. It proved the happy solution. She loved the white nursery, and learned to care for babies not as a chore but as an education. Her interest in the work led to her early parole, and ultimately she became nursemaid in the home of a well-known writer.

Within one year she had married a capable man who adopted her child. Her success story was complete, her case closed, and Superintendent Mahan happy that Clinton had not failed her.

EDNA MAHAN IS ideally suited for the responsible position she holds, not only from an educational standpoint but in emotional stability and an enlightened faith in humanity. She was born, an only child, to a family in Yreka, California. After graduating from the University of California in 1922, she took graduate work at the

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California Bureau of Juvenile Research, then became a case worker for the Travelers Aid Society in Los Angeles and, subsequently, superintendent of Juvenile Hall, Los Angeles County Detention Home.

Still not satisfied with her training, she went East in 1927 to join the Juvenile Delinquency Section of the Harvard Law School Survey of Criminal Justice. A year later, Edna Mahan became Clinton superintendent, the youngest institutional superintendent of her time.

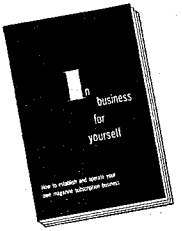
During her more than 20 years at Clinton, she has won acclaim. Commissioner Sanford Bates says of her: "After all, the real test of success is the behavior of the inmates after they leave the institution. Our records show that there are fewer recommitments for new crimes to Clinton than to any other institution in New Jersey."

While all of this pleases Edna Mahan, what she treasures most are letters from her "girls."

"I'm sure you would want to know what has happened to me," one wrote. "I have a permanent position in a beauty shop where I earn up to $50 a week. I may never see you again, but throughout my life I shall remember you. None of us can ever half repay you for helping us to find our way back to life.

"There are many things that I would like to express that Clinton Farms taught me to believe in, but all I can say is a heartful of thanks and a promise to keep growing, keep learning, keep living right."

That, to Edna Mahan, is glory. Her girls are doing all right.



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They Work to Give Millions Away

by VIVIEN B. KEATLEY

U. S. philanthropic funds dispose of $72,000,000 a year for the public good

ONE DAY IN JUNE, 1948, a small group of financiers and corporation executives attended a directors' meeting. Sitting around a mahogany table, they smoked expensive cigars and listened to a report. Neither a record profit nor a successful merger was reported, but at the end of the reading they grinned broadly.

"Well, we've done it," one of them murmured complacently. "We can shut up shop any day. We are well ahead of our deadline —and we've gotten rid of the whole $22,000,000!"

The "shop" these gentlemen could now close up was the Julius Rosenwald Fund "for the good of mankind." Neither the largest nor oldest, the Rosenwald Fund is a typical American foundation established for the general welfare.

On the same day that those unpaid trustees listened to a final accounting of the Rosenwald Fund, a young Southern boy ran all the way home from school. Before he could open the gate of a neat picket fence in the Negro section, he was shouting: "Ma, I won! I won!"

The front door of the small house flew open. A woman rushed out, wiping soapy hands on an apron.

"Let me look at you, son," she said solemnly, her dark eyes moist behind glasses. Then her lips trembled. "Your great grandfather was a slave. Your grandfather was a field hand who couldn't read or write. Your father was lucky; he had four years of country school. But you are the first in our whole family ever to *finish* school. And

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now you've won a scholarship. *You're going to college!*"

There was a strange connection between these two events. Back in 1917, Julius Rosenwald, who had run an idea into the gigantic Sears, Roebuck mail-order company, had decided to give away his millions. But, as he said, "I guess it is easier to make a million dollars honestly than to dispose of it wisely."

He kept thinking of Tuskegee Institute, of which he had been a trustee, and of its illustrious founder, Booker T. Washington. He had seen the benefits shared by the few Southern Negroes who were given even the elementary training in farming and the simple trades that Tuskegee could then provide.

Realizing that all his millions could not begin to finance an increase in educational facilities for all Southern Negroes, Rosenwald decided to follow the general foundation practice. He would study, draw attention to the problem, propose a lasting solution, and "prime the pump."

First, he stipulated that his money be spent within 25 years after his death, "while ideas and enthusiasms are still fresh." The fund cupboard was bare within 16 years after his death in 1932.

Second, he demanded local interest and participation; he wanted no "social reforms" thrust down the throats of any community. His foundation agreed to match, dollar for dollar, funds raised by counties and states wanting to provide better educational and medical facilities for the people of the South, regardless of color.

Because of the Rosenwald Fund, there are today 5,357 Negro schools, trade shops and teachers' homes in 835 counties of 15 Southern states. Every Negro college in the U.S. benefited from the Fund. Largely because of it, Negro babies no longer are delivered exclusively by midwives. Instead, there are hundreds of well-staffed clinics and public-health services throughout the South—for Negroes and "all others of moderate means." More than 600 Negroes (and 250 white Southerners) have gone to college on Rosenwald fellowships.

JULIUS ROSENWALD and other Americans who establish foundations don't hope to *solve* a major social problem. They are simply willing to spend their fortunes to prove the truth of the maxim: "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness."

Probably the best-known philanthropic fund in the world is the Rockefeller Foundation. The earliest Rockefeller fund was the General Education Board. Like the Rosenwald Fund, it was self-liquidating—trustees were authorized to spend both capital and income. The board gave millions for all sorts of educational purposes, and is now down to its last $16,000,000.

The later Rockefeller Foundation was started by John D. Rockefeller in 1913 with $100,000,000. Upon his death in 1937, this sum was doubled. The fund has already given away more than $400,000,000—most of it for scientific research and medical education. Yet, oddly enough, a Baptist minister and a book are credited with being responsible for deciding how the money should be spent . . .

Frederick T. Gates was a warm

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friend of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., as well as a brilliant clergyman. He was also one of the most colorful of all the "philanthropoids"—as some wag has labeled those who undertake to "give away money so it will do more good than harm."

Gates lived in New Jersey, commuting to and from New York by ferryboat. One evening he noticed a man engrossed in a bulky volume. Gates bought a copy of the book, and after reading it he knew how to tell Rockefeller what to do with his money. The book was *The Principles and Practice of Medicine*. Today, more than 90 institutions and half a dozen foreign governments are working on projects financed by Rockefeller grants. For example, in Mexico a study for increasing corn production is under way. Uruguay's Ministry of Health is installing new biological research equipment. At the University of Copenhagen, researchers are working on biological uses of isotopes.

One of the "luckiest shots in the dark" ever made by a foundation was a Rockefeller grant of $1,500 to a man named Howard W. Florey. As a co-worker with Sir Alexander Fleming, Florey is credited with discovering the medical uses of penicillin.

Even the atom bomb can be considered largely a foundation baby. The world's first big atom-smasher (at the University of California) was built with a Rockefeller grant. Among project leaders were Oppenheimer, Lawrence, Fermi, Allison, Smyth, and Arthur Compton —all of whom had received either Rockefeller fellowships or grants.

The business of giving millions away started with a "Gospel of Wealth" worked out by a canny little Scotsman in a series of magazine articles written between 1886 and 1889. At about the time he started making money, Andrew Carnegie wrote that it was "the duty of the man of wealth to set an example of modest living; to provide moderately for the legitimate wants of those dependent on him; and to consider all surplus revenues which come to him as trust funds to be administered in the manner best calculated to produce the most beneficial results for the community."

He practiced what he preached. Before U. S. Steel bought him out, he had given away 2,500 free public libraries and had permanently endowed the Carnegie Institute of Technology and other Pittsburgh institutions. Yet he had just begun to give.

After he was free to devote his time to giving away money instead of making it, he set up four separate foundations for promoting education, international peace, and abstract research, and for recognizing unsung heroes. Then he incorporated the rest of his fortune as the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

Elihu Root once told him, "I believe you've had the best run for your money of any man alive."

Thirty years after his death, Carnegie is still getting a "run for his money." More than $330,000,000 has already been given away—and there is still $270,000,000 in the combined pool of the Carnegie

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foundations. This puts it among the "Big Four" (foundations with assets of more than $100,000,000) — Rockefeller, Ford, Carnegie, and the recently formed Cullen Foundation of Houston, Texas.

H. R. Cullen is the only one of the Big Four still alive. His foundation, capitalized at $150,000,000 in productive and potentially productive oil lands, will help improve medical and educational facilities in Texas. Cullen made a fortune on his conviction that where there *had* been oil, there still was oil—if you were willing to go deep enough to reach it.

There are more than 25 American foundations with assets of $10,000,000 or more. And well over 500 men of wealth have set up foundations to give away their fortunes for the public good. These fortunes have been made in nearly every industry now a part of the American way of life—from oil and railroads to cigarettes and breakfast foods.

Combined assets of American foundations total about two billions, and they give away about $72,000,000 a year. However, the last place to go for a "personal handout" is a foundation office, since foundations are not interested in helping *individuals* in trouble.

They tell of the evening when a man talked his way into Carnegie's home and sold the Scotsman on a philanthropic brain child.

"How much do you need?" Carnegie asked.

"About $5,000."

"Young man," Carnegie replied, showing his visitor the door, "I am not in the business of *retail* giving!"

Personal charity is regarded as the equivalent of providing drugs for a headache. Foundations, on the other hand, seek to effect permanent cures by understanding—and whenever possible removing—the *causes* of social ills. Thus they hope eventually to make it unnecessary for society to ask such agencies as themselves to promote "the general welfare of mankind."

Fashion Foibles

If the designers who dream up girls' bathing suits aren't careful they'll work themselves right out of a job soon. —Ed Wynn

Once every year designers of women's styles have to sit down and think up 50 new names for the three primary colors.
—Kingston *Whig Standard*

A noted fashion designer has been quoted as saying, "Black is a good reliable color in which a woman can't go wrong."
—Raleigh *News & Observer*

Sharpen Your Tongue (Answers to test on page 31)

1. a; 2. c; 3. b; 4. b; 5. a; 6. a; 7. c; 8. c; 9. b; 10. a; 11. c; 12. c; 13. b; 14. a; 15. c.

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Uncle Was a Swindler

by GLENN D. KEATING

His gullible neighbors forgave him because of the basic lesson he taught them

UNCLE FELIX was a traveling man who sold things. His visits to our town were rare, and sometimes we went three or four years without ever seeing him. Then, unannounced, he would descend, arriving exactly on the first day of the month, and for the next 30 days he took over the house.

So it was when I was 12 and Uncle Felix came to visit. As usual, he stayed close to home for the first week or ten days. He seemed always to find something around the house that displeased him, and at any hour of the day you might find him painting a door, changing the furniture, or transplanting a bush out in the garden.

After a few days, he followed his custom of going about town, chatting with people he had come to know on previous visits. Often he disappeared for the entire day, and would return home at night with more gossip about our neighbors than we had learned in years of living among them.

One summer night during this visit, Uncle Felix, Mother and Father, Postmaster Lanham, and I sat on the front porch. Mostly we just sat, listening to the crickets.

Uncle Felix stretched his huge self in a chair and locked his hands behind his large head of matted red curls. "It isn't the same any more," he said casually.

"What isn't?" Mother asked.

"This town," said Uncle Felix. "It's changed."

"Of course it's changed," Father said. "Progress, Felix. Better stores, bigger school, new paving. We're going places."

"And a new post office in a couple of years," Mr. Lanham boasted.

"I don't mean that," Uncle Felix said. "I mean it's the people who have changed."

Father's soft laughter came to us on the warm night air. "All of us

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are getting older, if that's what you mean, Felix."

"No excuse," said Uncle Felix. "We should always stay young."

"You're almost 50 yourself," Mother chided.

"I shall never be more than 25," Uncle Felix said defiantly, "even if I live to be a hundred."

The grownups laughed, and Mr. Lanham said, "What have you got, Felix, a private Fountain of Youth?"

"Maybe," he said absently.

"Then you ought to bottle the stuff and sell it," Father said. "You'll make a million."

"I might do that," Uncle said.

Mr. Lanham stood up. "Guess I'll be heading home," he said. "But, Felix, if you decide to go into business with that rejuvenating water of yours, let me know. I'll be your first customer."

Next morning, as I accompanied Uncle Felix on his morning walk through town, Bill Illion stepped from his cigar store and said, "Understand you're planning to go into business here in town, Felix."

"As what?" Uncle Felix asked.

"The bottling business," said Bill. "Some kind of magic water."

Uncle Felix frowned. "Well, I haven't made up my mind yet," he said. "Sounds like it might be a good idea, though."

"Sure does," said Bill, and burst out laughing.

We had walked a block when we saw Steve Nelson, the telephone repairman. He was working at the top of a pole.

"Say, Felix," Steve called, "I'm getting a little old for this job. How about telling me your secret for staying young?"

"Humph," Uncle Felix said to me. "I see our friend Mr. Lanham has had a busy morning."

Wherever we went, people joked about Uncle Felix's magic water. At last, he turned on his heel and commanded, "Come on, we're going home!"

We arrived just as Mother put lunch on the table. As Uncle Felix sat down, he said, "I would like to make a request."

Everyone at the table looked at him expectantly.

"The barn in the back yard," Uncle said. "I should like exclusive use of it for a few days."

"Of course, Felix," Father said. Without a word of explanation, Uncle began on his soup, a smirk of triumph on his face.

NEXT DAY, UNCLE FELIX took the train to Ashton. He returned in the afternoon, sitting in the front seat of a big truck. I watched the truckmen unload many strange packages and several rolls of tarpaulin. I went to the barn, offering to help, but Uncle Felix said, "Shoo, boy! I am preparing a miracle."

For two days, Uncle Felix locked himself in the barn, and the only clue we had was the sound of constant hammering. At breakfast on Saturday, he handed me a packet of handbills. They read:

REMAIN YOUNG FOREVER!
Felix Nolan's Private
FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH
will be on display at
HIGH NOON TODAY ONLY
In the Keating Barn
Admission: $1

"Now," he said, "go through town and pass these among my

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good friends. Then stop at the depot and get me a ticket on the afternoon train to Chicago."

Off I hurried through the streets, leaving behind a trail of laughter from men who accepted the handbills. It was almost noon when I gave away the last handbill, bought the railway ticket, and dashed back to the house.

Crowding around the barn were many men of our town. Uncle Felix stood at the door, joking with them. At noon, the shoe-factory whistle blew.

"All right, gentlemen," said Uncle Felix. "If you will each hand a dollar bill to my nephew here, we can file into the barn to witness the miracle of the age."

Father approached, paid me, and said, "This is the first time I've ever paid money to get into my own barn."

The admission receipts amounted to $60, and I ran inside to give the money to Uncle Felix. He was standing on a box, smiling down on the men who milled around him. The barn had a musty smell, and I saw the walls were covered with the tarpaulin that Uncle Felix had brought from Ashton.

"Gentlemen," said Uncle, "I know you have come here today because you suspect I may have a secret Fountain of Youth. As a matter of fact, I do have a Fountain of Youth, but it's no secret. This, my friends, is it!"

He stepped to a rope and pulled it. All the tarpaulin fell to the floor with a whoosh.

Mirrors! The sides of the barn were walled with mirrors, all sizes, and held flush by huge nails. The men, puzzled, looked at the mirrors, at each other, then back at the mirrors.

"I don't get it," said Father from the back of the crowd.

Uncle Felix pointed at me. "You, boy," he said. "What do you see?"

"Mirrors," I said.

"Who do you see?" he asked.

"Me."

"Look again," he commanded. "Now tell me who you see."

I glanced across the wall of mirrors. "Everybody else," I said.

"That's it!" Uncle Felix cried triumphantly. He waited for a reaction, but the men stood there, silent and confused.

"Let me put it this way," Uncle Felix said. "I've been visiting you people now, off and on, for 15 years. You used to be a lot of fun, but that was when all of you had big ambitions and big ideas for your town. Now, you've crawled into your shells. You've grown old."

"Just a minute, Felix," Mr. Lanham interrupted.

"I know what you're going to say," Uncle Felix cut him off. "You're going to have a new post office, aren't you? You've got a new school, and your roads are being paved."

There was a murmur of agreement in the room.

"Well," Uncle Felix said, "do as I did. Go down to the newspaper office and read about the terrible sessions you had with your Town Council on every one of those improvements. Sure, you wanted the roads paved, but it made no difference to you which road should be paved first. No. Each of you wanted your own road paved, and the devil with your neighbor.

"And your school. The news-

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Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

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☐ *Kleenex eyeglass tissues*

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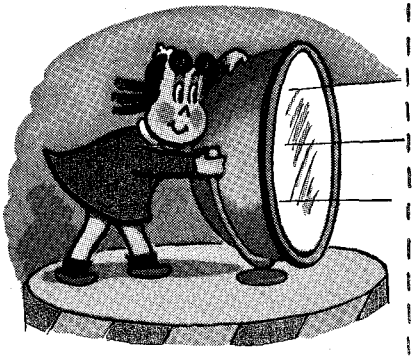

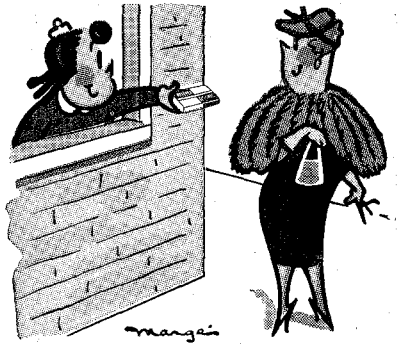

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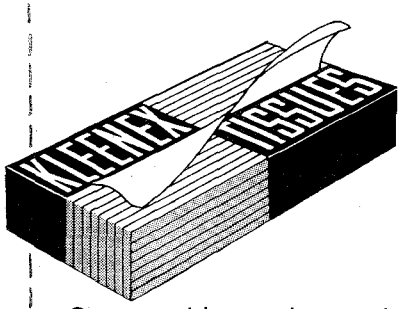
3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



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paper has the story. You fought among yourselves for months because each of you wanted the school built near your home so that *your* kids wouldn't have far to walk. Finally, the state had to step in and settle the issue."

A murmur of angry resentment rose from the men.

"You're all worrying too much about yourselves," Uncle Felix continued. "You look into your bathroom mirrors every morning and you count your gray hairs or pat your soft tummies. Look into these mirrors, gentlemen. Do as my nephew did: see everybody else. Spend more time doing that, spend more time thinking of the other fellow. Do that, and you'll be too busy to worry about yourselves; you'll be having too much fun cooperating with each other to remember that your own hours are passing. You'll be young because you'll be doing what young people do—living outside yourselves!"

Without another word, Uncle Felix jumped from his platform and, signaling me to follow, left the barn and went to the house. In the kitchen he said, "Give me my train ticket, boy. I've just enough time to make it."

"But what about them?" I asked, pointing toward the barn.

"If I know anything about men," he said, "they're out there trying to decide whether or not they've been swindled."

"Are you going to keep the money?" I asked.

"Certainly I am," he replied.

"Is that honest, Uncle Felix?"

"It isn't a question of honesty," he said. "It's a matter of human nature. I don't know if those men understood what I said, but they won't forget that it cost them a dollar apiece to hear it."

He patted me on the head. "Now I'm on my way. Tell your mother I'll write. Good-bye."

He hurried through the house, picked up his luggage, and was gone. I drifted back to the barn.

The men were leaving, and I saw they had removed the mirrors from the walls. Carrying them, they walked away in groups of three or four, chuckling softly and shaking their heads. I found my father in the barn, prying off a mirror.

"Your uncle is a shrewd embezzler," he said, frowning. But I caught the hint of a grin around his mouth.

"Why are the men taking the mirrors?" I asked. "Do they just want something for their dollars?"

"Your uncle gave them more than their money's worth," Father said. "They want the mirrors in their homes so they'll always remember what he said."

Uncle Felix is dead now, and my father is dead, and I still live in the house where I was born. Over the mantel in the living room is Uncle Felix's mirror. Similar souvenirs of his swindle hang in houses throughout the town, and what he taught us to look for in them has never been forgotten.

Hobgoblin Happenings (Answers to quiz on page 97)

1. b; 2. a; 3. c; 4. a; 5. c; 6. c; 7. a; 8. b.

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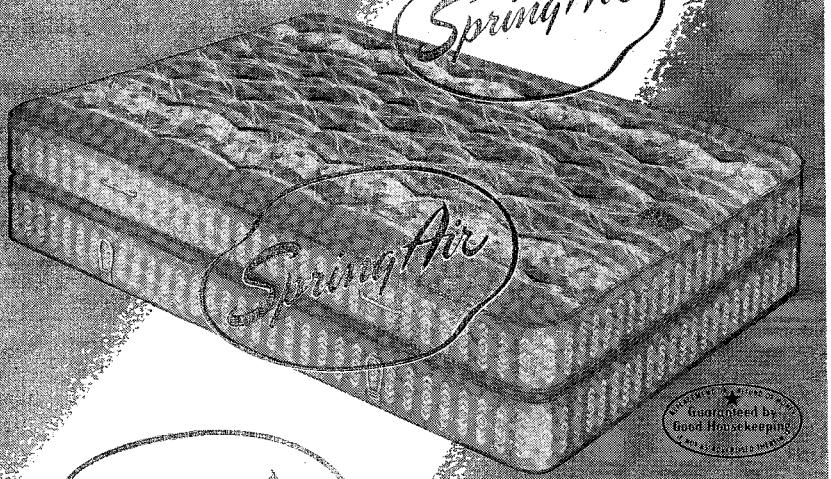

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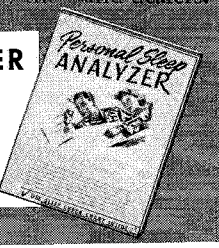

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MAGIC Carpets for Every Home

by NORMAN CARLISLE

America's looms are producing luxurious new rugs the average household can afford

WHEN THE SONS of King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia visited the U. S., they were asked what they most wanted to see.

"Rugs," they told astonished American officials. "We want to see rugs made."

It seemed like a strange request coming from inhabitants of a region which introduced rugs to the Western World, but a tour was arranged. For days, the Arabians wandered around rug factories. They expressed polite interest when shown beautiful Axminsters, Wiltons, and machine-made Orientals that rivaled the handmade models. But when they came to a luxurious, thick-piled, hand-carved chenille, they stared with amazement.

"We have never seen anything like this," they said, and requested a sample to take to their father.

A few months later, a turbaned emissary arrived at the factory with an order from King Ibn Saud. He had decided to remove all the Oriental rugs, many of them priceless, and carpet the public rooms and living quarters of his huge palace with this luxurious product of American ingenuity.

The Oriental potentate had discovered (as had the several million Americans who during 1949 bought enough carpeting to make a rainbow-hued strip 54 feet wide from New York to San Francisco) that the American rug industry is producing magic carpets that would have made the Caliph of Bagdad rub his eyes.

I had a startling example of that not long ago when a floor-covering engineer showed me one. "Looks new, doesn't it?" he asked, as I admired its deep-textured beauty. "Well, this is the one we burn!"

He tossed a lighted cigarette on the rug, where it lay smoldering; soon there was an ugly charred spot. Yet, a few minutes later the spot had disappeared.

The explanation was simple enough. If this kind of carpeting gets burned, stained or worn, you call a rug expert and he calmly cuts out the damaged spot. Into the hole he inserts a new piece of carpeting—and look as you will, you can't see the patch.

Just before World War II, carpet manufacturers awakened to the jolting realization that something appalling had happened to their business. The average American

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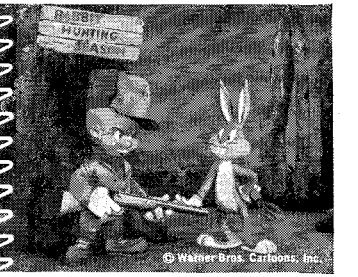
New EXCITING GIFTS
BY VIEW-MASTER



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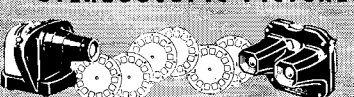

JR. PROJECTOR $9.95 — STEREOSCOPE $2.00

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family wasn't buying the amount of carpeting it once bought.

In the 1890s, sales had averaged 4½ square yards for every family. Now sales were down to an average of 1½ square yards. Did the American people want carpets—or didn't they? A wide survey brought encouraging news: only seven per cent of families actually had wall-to-wall carpeting in their living rooms; and 36 per cent *wanted* it.

Carpet companies poured millions into new machinery. Scientists went to work to dream up new super-carpets. Designers started a drive to create fresh styles.

In the spring of 1949, the industry staged another in its series of nation-wide carpet fashion shows, at which awed spectators saw such amazing newcomers as a really low-priced wool rug. Its story began when sales experts of a big rug company blandly tossed off an opinion.

"What we need," they said, "is a 9-by-12 wool rug that can sell for around $30."

That brought the engineering experts out of their chairs. Because of the price of wool and the cost of weaving, you just couldn't make a wool rug at that price. "But we'll think about it," they promised.

They began to ask themselves some questions, such as, "Do you have to *weave* a wool rug?" They tinkered around, finally laid carded jute and wool on a burlap base. Using a needlepoint technique, they sewed the fiber to the base—and the wool stuck.

That was fine. They had a wool-surfaced rug that could be cheaply made. But what about patterns? If they could find a way to get the brilliant patterns of woven rugs, they would really have something.

The obvious answer was printing. They designed giant presses, not unlike those that turn out the colored pages of magazines. The effect was startling, for they found they could transfer intricate patterns in brilliant colors. A new kind of floor covering—the inexpensive, printed wool rug—was born.

But that amazing item is just a starter. The textile experts have created lavish chenilles in 20,000 different shades. They have rugs that are mildew-proof, flameproof, and fadeproof. They have rugs that can be made into countless patterns by cutting out pieces of the right shape and slipping in different colored pieces. This means you can pick your own design from hundreds of thousands of possibilities.

The people who sell carpeting are learning a lot of things they never knew before about floor coverings. The industry has banded together in an all-out effort to teach consumers how to pick the right rug or carpet. Typical is an enterprise in which 43 firms have joined forces with one rug company to provide a complete room-planning service.

In their workshop near New York, the company's stylists have assembled 700 different fabric samples, 340 wallpaper designs, and 330 different-colored paints. Anyone who wants information about room design can get it personally or by mail. For a nominal fee, style experts will not only pick the best kind of carpet, but will also provide actual samples of drapery and upholstery materials, wallpaper, and paint colors.

Rug designers are taking nothing for granted in their effort to dis-

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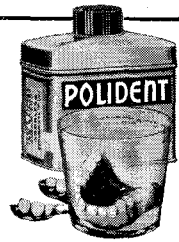

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cover new ways to make rugs a more vivid part of every decorative scheme. They have reached to the four corners of the world in their search for intriguing patterns. Brilliant designs that look like the work of Mayan Indians have come, oddly enough, via Paris; one obviously of New England origin was uncarthed in Malta.

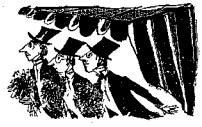
The strangest discovery of all was made deep in the jungles of Brazil. There, a singularly beautiful pattern with a hint of pre-Civil War plantations was found. The story of how it came to be in this lost corner of the world is one of the most curious tales in American history.

After the Civil War, a group of stubborn Southerners chartered a ship and, with their families and slaves, sailed for South America, where they founded a village far from civilization. An agent from one of the rug companies talked to the exiles, many of them children of the original adventurers. One old lady told him stories of her father's plantation in Alabama. Now she lived in a humble cottage, and the only physical reminder of the glamorous past was a piece of carpet.

It was unlike any the agent had ever seen before, though he had combed our own South. The old lady explained that this colorful pattern was a "Rocking Chair Carpet." With its spirals of multicolored materials, it had been made by the Southern women of long ago as they sat rocking.

For some reason, this pattern had not survived in our own South, yet here it was, in a lonely jungle village! The agent brought it back with him, and a few months later the whirring looms were turning out another of America's magic carpets.

Marriage on the Marquee



In California: THREE HUSBANDS—BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND DAWN
—MRS. J. M. SPROTT

In several places: THREE HUSBANDS—A MODERN MARRIAGE
—GORDON MACRAE

In Pennsylvania: TERROR BY NIGHT—ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?
—*Tide*

In Long Island: TWO WEEKS WITH LOVE—GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE
—SIDNEY SKOLSKY

In Missouri: MOTHER DIDN'T TELL ME—FATHER IS A BACHELOR
—GEORGE RODNEY

Billed as a double feature on an Indiana marquee: SO YOUNG SO BAD—EMERGENCY WEDDING
—HAROLD L. HARLOW

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Whispering Hands

by JAMES SAXON CHILDERS

In the swift, silent motion of a man's fingers, a desperate message was read; this story is one you won't soon forget

WHEN MY MOTHER was a young woman, she was a teacher at the Georgia School for the Deaf at Cave Spring. She could hear and speak, and so could my father, but like many people of Cave Spring, they could talk with their fingers almost as rapidly as they could with their tongues.

They were married in Cave Spring and, for the benefit of their friends who were mutes, the ceremony was signed as well as spoken. Shortly afterward, they left for Birmingham, and the crowd at the little station was half-silent and half-audible in saying their good-byes.

Then the first child was born, my eldest brother. Other children came until there were five, and I was the youngest. Our home in Birmingham seemed perfectly natural to us: we children saw nothing strange in the fact that the woman who nursed us was a mute, and her little daughter as well. We children talked on our hands as easily as we spoke. At table, when our mother and father were conversing, we signed for the bread or the milk. After supper, when our father was reading and the older children were getting their lessons, we seldom spoke aloud, merely signing on our fingers what we had to say.

My father was a tall man, erect and lithe. He always wore a black Stetson hat and a black bow tie. Being a quiet person, living shut into himself, he had no knowledge of business. He knew land and crops, the trees and the animals of the woods; but money was a puzzle to him, and he spent and loaned his family heritage, sharing it as freely as if he still lived on the old plantation.

Every Sunday afternoon he took us children for a walk in the woods. We rode the streetcar to the end of the line, then clambered out and started up the road over Red Mountain. My father would walk for only a short distance, then glance off into the woods and soon lead the way to one side or the other, never taking a path, but entering the forest at some unmarked place

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If only every young wife would send for this

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So many marriages are doomed to failure from the start simply because the wife doesn't realize how important it is to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe in her practice of complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness).

If only a woman would realize the wonderful confidence she'd gain by using ZONITE in her douche for her health, married happiness, womanly charm and after her periods. If only she'd understand that even the most refined women must constantly guard against an offensive odor—even graver than bad breath or body odor. If only she'd realize how ZONITE completely solves this problem.

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ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It has such a soothing effect. It gives both internal and external protection, leaving one with such a refreshed, dainty feeling—*so clean*.

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and walking slowly ahead. Sometimes I glanced up at him, and he smiled and nodded to me. Occasionally he spoke, but not often. And always he walked with his hands clasped behind him.

One Sunday afternoon when I was eight years old, I happened to drop behind him and saw that he held his right wrist with his left hand, leaving his right hand free. He was talking to himself on his fingers and I read what he was saying. That first day he was talking about his uncles, Asa and Jim and John Pryor. He reminded himself that he must write to Uncle Asa.

After that, each Sunday afternoon, I walked behind him and read what he was thinking.

Our home was a happy one, but gradually a shadow of some kind came over it. My mother seemed worried and my father drew even more into himself. The older children realized that something was wrong, but I was still too young to be troubled.

Then, one Sunday afternoon as I followed my father, I read words on his fingers that I didn't understand. I knew the word "failure" and of course I knew "money" and "debts"; but there were other words that I didn't know.

When we returned home that night, I asked my mother what "bankrupt" meant, and a word I never had heard or seen before—"suicide." I tried to spell it by speaking, but I stumbled in the spelling and then my fingers recalled it as I had seen it, and I signed it to my mother.

She caught hold of me. "Where did you see that word?"

"On father's hand," I said.

She left me and went directly to my father. She led him into their bedroom and closed the door. They were inside for a long time. We children ate our supper without them. They came out late and my father took me into his lap and that night he didn't read, but just sat by the fire. From time to time he patted me; and once he held me close and put his face against mine.

Next Sunday we went to the woods again. I followed behind and read all that he said. Again he used words that I didn't understand, and he used one word so often that when we returned home I asked my mother about it.

"What does 'faith' mean?" I asked her.

"You'd better ask your father," she replied.

I did ask him. I haven't forgotten what he said; I'll never forget. Many years later, when he was an old man but still erect and lithe, I looked at him and remembered how he had answered my question about faith—a man's need for faith in God, in his family, in himself, despite whatever troubles befall.

PHOTO CREDITS: 6, Leonard Nadel; 8, Columbia Pictures, Paramount Pictures and 20th Century-Fox; 10, Fritz Henle from Monkmeyer, Massie from Missouri Resources Division, Hawaii Visitors Bureau and Attila Dorgei from Black Star; 12, Jack H. Wilkes; 69-84, Philippe Halsman; 109, 110, 112, 113, 114 (bottom), 116, 117, 118, 120 (top-right), 122 and 123, Jack Manning; 111, 114 (top-left and right), 115, 119, 120 (top-left, bottom-left and right), 121 and 124, Howard Sochurek.

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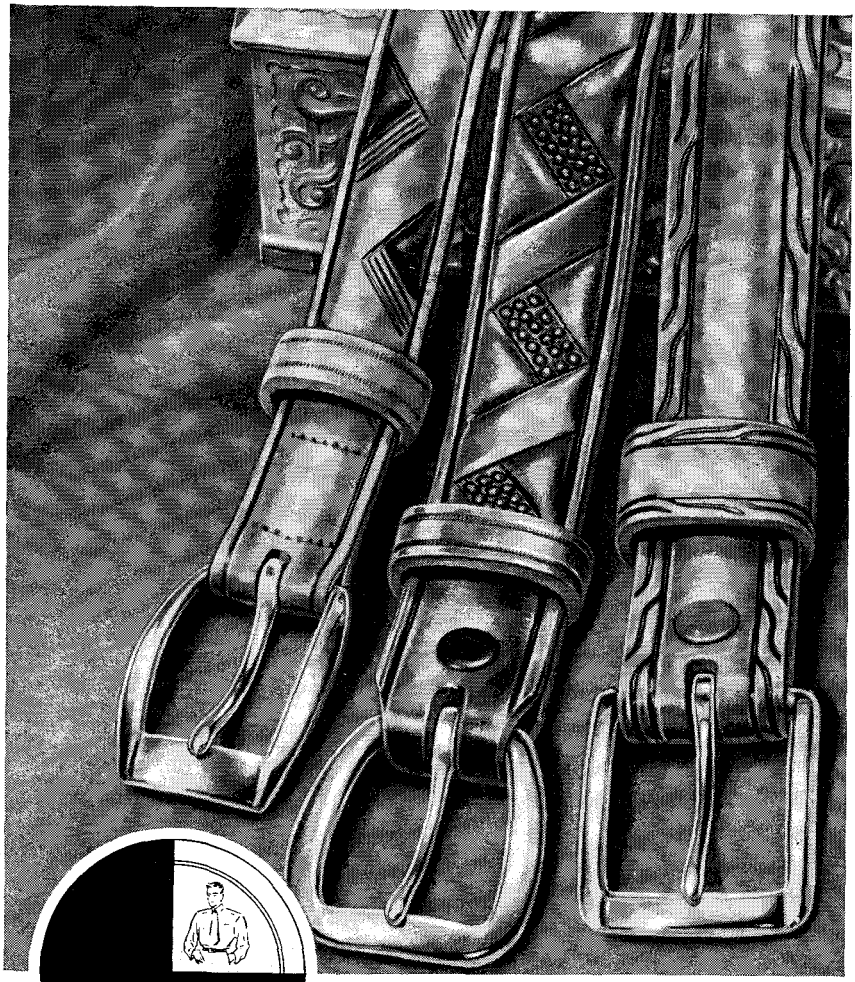

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Right—*bench made, selected Saddle Leather with inlaid scroll design edge—$2.50. Other fine "Paris"* Belts from $1.50—at better stores everywhere.*

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Coronet Films Announces:

"Are You Ready for Service?"

. . . FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of American education, here is a unique and dramatic series of 16mm sound motion pictures to help guide young people facing the difficult task of civilian-to-military adjustments.

. . . prepared in cooperation with representatives of the nation's leading educational, religious, and professional groups.

Despite the day-to-day changes in the world's complex military and political situation, one inescapable fact remains clear and constant: most of the youth now in high school will become a part of our armed forces.

Are they ready for service? To many of them, the prospect of draft or induction is completely bewildering. They do not know how to plan, what to plan, or what is expected of them.

"Why must *I* go into the service?" "What's the use of studying if I'm going into the Army?" "What will happen to my plans for a job—for college?" Such comments and questions are common, and reflect the restlessness of high-school boys and girls—a restlessness also reflected in an inability to give full attention to school, home, and community life.

A year ago, this serious problem was brought to the attention of Coronet Instructional Films by leading educators. These educators, familiar with the successful use of

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16mm motion pictures in group guidance, suggested: "Make a series of films to help our youth get ready for service."

The idea was excellent . . . but challenging and imposing. There was no precedent in the history of American education for such teaching materials. Yet, the assistance of educational and religious leaders was promised, and, with that cooperation available, Coronet Films accepted the assignment.

Many of the nation's most responsible organizations enthusiastically cooperated in the project. Officers representing the National Education Association, U. S. Office of Education, American Council on Education, National Catholic Education Association, National Vocational Guidance Association, and the Department of Defense all acted as consultants.

Intensive research was done on the psychological, moral, and physical problems confronting young people soon to enter service. Finally, out of many interviews, consultations, and research studies, Coronet Films developed "Are You Ready for Service?"—first pre-induction orientation films ever produced. In a series of 14 motion pictures, the core of an entire semester's course in preparation for military service is vividly presented. The films are designed solely to help high-school students plan for military service *well in advance of induction or enlistment.*

These films in no way engage in recruiting or military indoctrination. They simply prepare the young people for the service this country requires of them by law.

The self-descriptive titles of the 14 films in this unusual series are: Group I—*What It's All About; Your Plans; Service and Citizenship.* Group II—*Starting Now! Getting Ready Physically; Getting Ready Morally; Getting Ready Emotionally.* Group III—*The Nation to Defend; What Are the Military Services? When You Enter Service; Military Life and You.* Group IV—*Communism; Why You? Your Investment in the Future.*

You are invited to write for a free brochure on the "Are You Ready for Service?" series, which tells how you may bring these vital 16mm sound motion pictures into your school, church, or community group. Send requests to:

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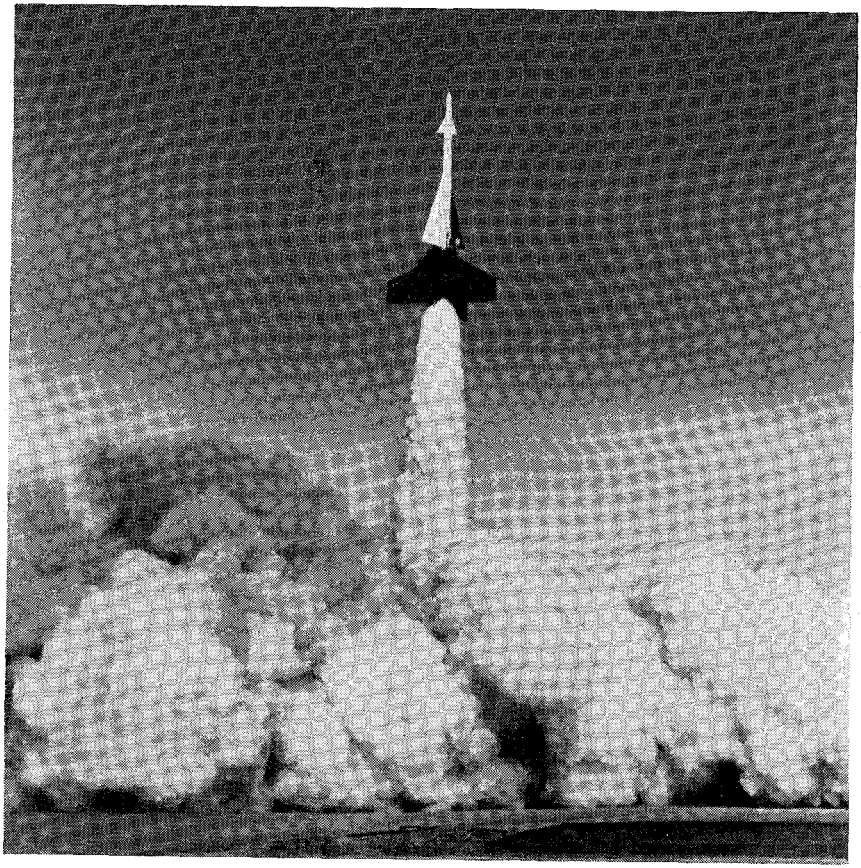

New Guided Missile Takes Off....This newest anti-aircraft missile, soaring upward on its supersonic flight, is launched, steered and exploded by electronic control. These missiles blast high-flying enemy aircraft out of the sky. The control devices were developed by the Bell System's research and manufacturing units — the Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric Company — working together in traditionally close relationship. This guided missile assignment for the Army Ordnance Corps is just one of many important military projects now entrusted to the **Bell Telephone System.**

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OF STONE

SHORTLY AFTER World War I, worshipers at Christ Church Cathedral in Oxford, England, noticed an eerie phenomenon. On an inside stone wall, a strange concentration of moisture was collecting. Townspeople attributed it to humid weather, until one day an excited observer rushed up to a Cathedral cleric.

"That mark!" he exclaimed. "It looks just like Dean Liddell!" Sure enough, the damp etching seemed to outline the contours of a human face.

Contemporaries of Dean Henry George Liddell, dead since 1898, agreed that the spot distinctly portrayed the beaked nose and curly fringe of hair which characterized the Dean's appearance. Stranger still was its position—beside a memorial window given by Dean Liddell in honor of his daughter who died in her youth.

A group of scientists, invited to examine the stain, decided that no human being had sketched the profile; that its appearance must have been "coincidence."

One learned member of the group, however, offered another explanation. It was not unusual, he said, that some evidence of such a devoted churchman should be demonstrated in the place where he had contributed, in his lifetime, so much love and devotion.

Several months later, the face began to disappear. And within a short time the wall was blank.

Today, Dean John Lowe will point out the spot where the ghostly profile appeared. And men and women in Oxford still whisper about the time Dean Liddell came back to his church. —RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY PIOTR DIMITRI

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Barbecue cue—

'SERVE GOOD, RICH COFFEE

Nescafé

For each cup, put a teaspoon of Nescafé* into your server . . . add boiling water, stir . . . serve.

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc., to designate its soluble coffee product which is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added pure carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

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